The Nation

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Summary of the News

With the publication on May 10 of a supplementary note from Germany (dated May 8) on the Sussex case, that phase of the controversy appears to have been concluded. With a good deal of circumlocution, the note finally arrives at the point, which is that "the German Government cannot withhold its conviction that the ship torpedoed by the German submarine is in fact identical with the Sussex." It concludes with expressions of regret and of readiness to pay adequate indemnity to injured American citizens, and with the statement that the commander of the submarine has been "appropriately punished." Dispatches from Washington declare that the United States will make inquiries as to the nature of the commander's punishment, but no official pronouncement on the subject has been made by the State Department. A "White Book" detailing all the evidence in the case of the Sussex was released for publication by Secretary Lansing on Monday.

The settlement has been welcomed with obvious relief in Berlin, where a portion of the press seems to have hailed President Wilson's refusal to accept Germany's implied conditions as a victory for German diplomacy, on the ground that no conditions were made. That the German people and Government alike were sedulous to avoid a break is made more than ever evident if we accept the correctness of dispatches from London of May 11, which purported to give a summary, received by wireless from Berne, of the Chancellor's speech at the secret sitting of the General Committee of the Reichstag, on May 5. The Chancellor, according to these dispatches, was not particularly amiable in his references to America, but was emphatic in stating that a rupture of relations must be avoided. He also made the admission that "our naval experts no longer believe in the probability of reducing England to starvation and ruin by submarines."

Presumably the new instructions have been communicated to submarine commanders, since in the past week only one vessel, the British steamer Eretria, has been reported sunk. The case of the Cymric, which we recorded last week, is not likely to lead to further complications. She was unwarned and unarmed, and five persons lost their lives, but no American citizens were aboard, and it is assumed that the submarine responsible for her destruction had not received the new instructions. The Financial Secretary of the British Admiralty announced in the House of Commons, on May 11, that in the year, May 7, 1915, to May 7, 1916, thirty-seven unarmed British merchantmen and twenty-two neutral vessels had been torpedoed without warning. The wireless from Berlin on May 12 reported the torpedoing in the Adriatic of "the Austro-Hungarian passenger steamer Dubrovnik." No further news has been received of the incident, and it is thought that the vessel so described is probably identical with the "enemy transport laden with war material" reported sunk in the Adriatic in dispatches from Paris of May 10.

The Lusitania Memorial Meeting, which was to have been held in Carnegie Hall, New York, on the anniversary of the sinking of the Lusitania, but was postponed out of deference to the wishes of the Mayor, is announced for to-morrow night.

Secretary Lansing allowed it to be made known on Friday of last week that the Government found itself somewhat embarrassed in its treatment of the British blockade policy by the implied conditions of the German note of May 4. Nevertheless, it was announced in dispatches from Washington on Monday that the Secretary of State is engaged in the preparation of a new and vigorous note of protest against British seizure and detention of neutral and other mails. The note will be in amplification of the protest of January 4, to which the British and French Governments made joint reply in a note dated April 3. It was also stated that another note was contemplated on the general question of the British blockade, as well as on the question of supplies being sent by the American Red Cross to the Central Empires. Dispatches from London, of May 11, announced the acceptance by the British Government of the plan submitted by Ambassador Page for the relief of the civilian population of Poland through an American commission.

Rumors of possible peace negotiations, to which we referred last week, have become yet more persistent, encouraged principally by dispatches from Berlin. That correspondents are allowed to speak of a widespread desire for peace in Germany is evidence enough that it exists. Corroboration is afforded by recent dispatches indicative of the difficulties under which the Imperial Government labors in adjusting the food supply to meet the needs of the population. All allowance being made for exaggeration, when it is desired to emphasize the iniquity of the British blockade, the resignation last week of Dr. Delbrück, Minister of the Interior, and the decision, announced on Monday, to appoint a "Food Dictator" to organize and coördinate the supplies of the Empire, are proofs sufficient that not even German efficiency is able so to synthetize food as to disguise from the population the fact that it is uncomfortable. Rumors of peace, on any basis that Germany at preesnt proposes, have been answered unfavorably in the Allied countries by various official spokesmen—by Lord Robert Cecil and Sir Edward Grey in England, and in France by President Poincaré, in a notable address at Nancy on Sunday.

The situation in Ireland has demanded the personal attention of Premier Asquith, who himself went to Dublin on Friday of last week. The Premier's intention was announced in the course of a debate in the House of Commons on the preceding day, when the Government was vigorously attacked by Mr. Dillon for the punitive measures which had been taken. The execution of the two remaining signers of the proclamation of the so-called Provisional Government was announced on May 12. It appears unlikely that further executions will take place, and since Mr. Asquith's arrival the restrictions of martial law have been considerably relaxed. According to press reports, moderate opinion of all parties in England seems strongly to favor some arrangement by which the affairs of Ireland, for the duration of the war, might be looked after by an Irish executive council working in coöperation with the British Government. The resignation of Lord Wimborne as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was announced on May 10. On the same date was published the moving manifesto of the Irish Parliamentary Party to the people of Ireland, calling upon them to support the constitutional Government. Sir Roger Casement was arraigned in preliminary proceedings on a charge of high treason at Bow Street Police Court on Monday.

Announcement was made on Monday by the British Foreign Office that the outstanding difficulties between Greece and the Entente Powers had been amicably settled, with the result that there would be no violation of the neutrality of Greece. The settlement probably alludes to the question of the transportation of Servian troops from Corfu to the Salonica front.

An appeal was issued on Sunday by the Commission for Relief in Belgium. To save Belgium and northern France from starvation, contributions of $70,000 a day are needed.

An impressive parade in favor of preparedness, in which more than 125,000 people took part, was held in New York last Saturday.

Conferrees of the House and Senate agreed last week on the Army Reorganization bill, which is expected to be submitted to the approval of the President before the end of this week. The compromise reached provides for a regular army of 211,000 men at peace strength.

There is no important development to record in the Mexican situation. Conferences between Gen. Scott and Gen. Obregon were broken off on May 11, the conferrees agreeing to "report back to their respective Governments in order that these may be able, through their respective Foreign Departments, to conclude this matter." Dispatches from Washington Tuesday showed, however, that an informal agreement of some kind has been reached, which renders the situation less critical. The request of Carranza, rejected by the United States, that a time limit be set to the stay of the American troops in Mexico has not been renewed, and on Sunday Gen. Funston gave orders for a redistribution of the 50,000 troops under his command for the better protection of the border. The most hopeful aspect of the situation is the unofficial intimation, announced in dispatches from Washington last Saturday, that in the event of the United States being compelled to intervene in Mexico, it would have the moral support of the Pan-American nations that participated in the conferences last year: Argentina, Brazil, Chili, Bolivia, Uruguay, and Guatemala.

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The Week

There are very great difficulties, unquestionably, in the way of solving the immediate Mexican problem. Many of them are inherent and real; some are artificial. Consider one or two of the latter, on both sides of the border. Carranza is pictured as a very indocile person to deal with. He is sensitive, obstinate and proud, apt to act, at any moment, not in the spirit of a business man, but of an impracticable *pundonoroso* Don. But in all this he but truly represents his own people. When he declares that the presence of American troops far in the interior of Mexico, if indefinitely continued, would be a cause of grave concern to his Government, he is only saying what nearly all Mexicans think. They feel about it just as we should feel, if the situation were reversed. But it is obvious that this Mexican pride and jealousy for national repute may be so inflamed as to make a reasonable agreement between the two countries, for their common advantage, harder to arrive at than it should be. It appears to be true that Gen. Obregon was disposed to yield more than Carranza. The practical needs of the situation are thus endangered by a sentiment in Mexico that is natural but seems at present exaggerated.

On the part of our own Government, the obstacles to a speedy withdrawal of the troops from Mexico are partly artificial in the sense that they are political. The Administration is aware that the Republicans are eagerly watching for a false step—or what might be alleged to be a false step. They hope to accumulate much campaign material out of the Mexican question. They will, in any event, make great play with the Vera Cruz expedition of 1914, which went to enforce the demand for a salute to the flag, but was called away without getting it. To be sure, Gen. Grant, when President, demanded a salute for the flag in the Virginius affair, and put up with a refusal of it, but that was a long time ago; the Republicans will do a lot of denouncing of Wilson as the only President ever so rebuffed. And if our troops were to be called back across the border before June 7, we know what a lot of convulsed patriots would fill the Republican Convention. All these possibilities are evidently in the thoughts of the Washington authorities and are, to some extent, swaying their decisions. A palpable result of it all is to encumber the negotiations with Mexico, on this side the line, as they are also hampered on that. On the sheer merits of the case, however, a rational working agreement between Mexico and the United States ought not to be impossible. The two countries have ends in common, as respects the border troubles. They should be able to coöperate in doing what is in reality a big piece of police duty. The personality of Villa is, for the time being, removed from the scene. If he is not dead, he is in hiding, and as a military factor has ceased to be important. There seems no further occasion for small detachments of our army to be following up bandit trails in remote mountain fastnesses three hundred miles from our territory. The obvious thing to do is to concentrate our forces, and to hold them in readiness to make the No Man's Land near the border both safe in itself and no longer the starting point for raids upon American soil.

The Army bill upon which the Senate and House conferrees have agreed carries with it an increase of the army by something over 100 per cent. The infantry is to be more than doubled, going from thirty to sixty-five regiments; the cavalry from fifteen to twenty-five—although cavalry has hardly figured in the European war since the French turned back the Germans—while the light artillery is increased from six to twenty-one regiments, and the engineers by five regiments. No less than twenty-three new generals are added to the twenty-one we now have, which evidences anew the old desire of Congressmen for new and well-paid places. What duties can be assigned to them in times of peace is not quite clear. As to the size of the army, the House has won, since, stripped of the auxiliary non-combatant forces such as the Quartermaster's and the Medical Corps and the Philippine Scouts, the minimum peace force is to be 160,000 men, with a peace maximum of 175,000 and an emergency maximum 43,750 greater. The National Guard idea triumphs, with 425,000 men to be required of the States, subject to certain penalties if the members fall below the numerical requirements. Whether these can be maintained is as uncertain as the problem whether a line army of 160,000 can be recruited. About that, we shall not know for five years, since this "preparedness" legislation is not passed with a view to any emergency at the close of the European war, but is to be carried out during the next five years. Immediate expansion would mean the paralyzing of the existing army. During these five years, moreover, when calmness has returned and there is no Presidential election pending, Congress may halt the increase, as it reduced the army in 1870.

Unfortunately, there is in this legislation, so far as it has been outlined, nothing whatever of army reform, nothing to show that the wastes will be eliminated or the efficiency of the army promoted. It merely means an increase in numbers. Yet how much army reform is needed, daily becomes more apparent. Just what happened at Columbus, N. M.—whether, for instance, there was only one officer in the camp when it was attacked by Villa—is, we understand, to be settled by a court of inquiry when the regiment returns from Mexico, as is also the question whether Villa bagged a hundred of its horses. But the fact is patent now that the sentry duty that night was entirely inadequate. Just now we hear of incendiaries passing by the guards at Fort Bliss in El Paso and burning up two stables, twelve army horses, and large supplies of ammunition, hay, grain, etc. There was a ball going on at the headquarters near by. Supposedly, there were guards on duty, and Gen. Funston has already undertaken to find out just why they did not guard. He has himself decided, at last, to reorganize the frontier force, in order to provide real protection. What would not the soldiers be saying of civilians who did correspondingly important work in this fashion?

Every one of the ordinary excuses is wanting in the horrible lynching at Waco, Texas, on Monday. The prisoner had been found guilty and sentenced to death. No delay was possible, for no Governor would think of commuting the sentence. The fact that the extreme punishment was to be meted out legally weighed with the mob no more than the sanctity of the courtroom. Some one having raised the cry, "Take the negro!" the people were at once as though possessed, and were content with nothing less than that most horrible inhumanity of burning which stains the whole country with its shame. Fifteen thousand Americans looked on, and not one apparently was even moved to protest; not one policeman or judge or city official cared enough about the law to fight for it. Thus Texas for the moment outdoes Georgia in infamy—and the good people in both States doubtless thank the Almighty daily that we are not as the Mexicans with their Pancho Villa! How long is the South, how much longer is the whole country, to per-

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mit such revolting criminality? The South, we are glad to say, is beginning to awake. The candidates for political office in Georgia are made to take a stand as to lynching, for the people there are beginning to feel the sting of the nation's censure.

In the forefront of the pursuit of Villa have been the colored soldiers of the Tenth Cavalry and Twenty-fourth Infantry. The Philadelphia *Tribune*, a newspaper edited by colored men, prints a picture of one of these soldiers over the caption, "The flag he is fighting to protect does not protect his kith or kin." What are these soldiers to say to the news from Waco, as they are told that they must risk their lives to destroy those of the Mexican bandits? What are they to say when they learn that Congress, while increasing the army by more than 100 per cent., is not providing for a single additional colored regiment, and the War Department holds that it cannot designate one to be composed of colored soldiers without Congressional authority? They know that the four colored regiments are filled to overflowing; that they are the easiest regiments to recruit; that the effort to recruit white soldiers is almost a failure; that their record as soldiers proves them to be of the best material the United States has. What are they to think of all of this and of the fact that the South's opposition to a Federal volunteer army is in part due to its refusal to permit colored men to serve in the militia?

To understand the full measure of German sympathy for Ireland, and Berlin's disinterestedness in harboring Sir Roger Casement, it is only necessary to recall the traditional attitude of the German Government towards Socialists and the treatment it has accorded to Karl Liebknecht. The Sinn Fein insurrection was not a national, but a class, uprising. Many of the fighting men in Dublin came from the Larkin element, and Larkin is not merely a Socialist, but a Socialist of the reddest stripe, affiliated with the I. W. W., and as such addicted to internationalism of the most uncompromising character. What we have to imagine, therefore, is the Kaiser working for the establishment of a Socialist republic in Ireland in the intervals of suppressing the Berlin *Vorwärts* and disciplining Liebknecht for seditious utterances. War alliances, even more than politics, make strange bed-fellows, but the oddest co-partnership the present war has brought forth is this union between the well-known Prussian temperament and the equally well-known Celtic temperament, between the man who some years ago threatened to ride down the enemies of his Government, namely, the German Socialists, and the dreamers who set out to establish the radical republic of Ireland.

A much more substantial bond between the Irish people and the German people than the present common hatred for England is found in the very important part which German scholarship has played in the development of the study of the Irish language and antiquities. More than sixty years ago, Zeuss, of Berlin, laid the foundation of modern Celtic philology in his "Grammatica Celtica." The first grammar of Old Irish was written by Windisch, of Leipzig, and his work was continued by Zimmer, of Berlin, and Thurneyesen, of Heidelberg. The leading Celtic scholar of to-day is Kuno Meyer, for thirty years connected with the University College at Liverpool, founder of various scientific periodicals devoted to the study of the Celtic languages, and of the School of Irish Learning at Dublin, one of the leading figures in the establishment of the Gaelic League, and now one of the most active exponents of the German cause in this country. When it is recalled how prominent a factor the revival of the old Irish tongue has been in the present revolutionary movement, it will be apparent that the German professor has been more effective than the German U boat in lighting a backfire against England.

"Personally, I do not think he would take it if it came as the result of a Convention fight," says Senator Cummins, referring to Justice Hughes and the nomination for the Presidency. If Mr. Hughes should happen to see this statement, and give it any attention, his judicial habits would doubtless assert themselves instinctively in an analysis of its meaning. What, he would ask, in the first place, is a "fight"; and secondly, what do we mean when we speak of a nomination as being the "result" of a fight? As to the first point, he would have no difficulty in deciding that the mere circumstance of a certain number of ballots being taken before the choice is made does not constitute adequate evidence that there has been a "fight," in any substantial meaning of the word. Even supposing that there has been a real fight, ended by the Convention turning with practical unanimity to a certain candidate, the question remains whether, and in what sense, the choice of this candidate has been the "result" of the fight. The fight may be ended by the exhaustion of the opposition, through the persistent endeavors of the advocates of the winning nomination; or it may be ended through a genuine recognition all round that that nomination constitutes the one and only satisfactory solution of the problem. In the first case we have a mere victory in a fight; in the second case we have a call from the whole party, of such character as to make the preceding fight a wholly irrelevant circumstance. Nor is there, generally speaking, the slightest difficulty in discriminating between the two cases; to do so will be one of the easiest jobs that Justice Hughes has ever had to tackle.

That the announcement of the plans of New York Progressives would be "highly important," the public was kindly notified in advance. How could it be other than important, coming as it did after the Colonel had met with the Executive Committee and adjured them not to abate a jot of the immortal principles of 1912, while, "on the other hand," selling out to the Republicans on the best terms obtainable? The official statement plainly embodies this heroic determination never to submit or yield—unless it proves convenient to do so—and the explanations furnished by Mr. George Perkins put the thing beyond doubt. All the bounce and fury have gone out of the Progressives. They are for Roosevelt, but in no last-ditch spirit. If he cannot be had—and they virtually admit that he cannot—then they are prepared to take from the Republicans some one by no means "equally as good." Mr. Perkins innocently outlines the bargaining process in contemplation. The Progressives will ask the Republicans who their second choice is, and then their third, and so on, the motto being that it is no trouble to show goods, and that the Progressives are bound to be suited in the end. Mr. Perkins apparently got his plan of campaign at Chicago from Gen. Grant. But it was from Grant when a very small boy. He wanted to buy a colt for which $25 was asked. Grant's father thought it was worth no more than $20, but finally authorized the youth to get it for less if he could, but to go to the $25 if necessary. Grant told what happened:

> When I got to Mr. Ralston's house I said to him: "Papa says I may offer you twenty dollars for the colt, but if you won't take that, I am to offer twenty-two and a half, and if you won't take that to give you twenty-five." It would not take a Connecticut man to guess the price finally agreed upon.

Neither would it take a Yankee to guess what is going to happen to Mr. Perkins, with his various "choices," at Chicago.

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Rhode Island voters who wish to know just what sort of Legislature they had this year need but to read the report of the Voters' League. It has the interest of being "human" without becoming partisan. "We again especially commend the work of Mr. Jennings, House floor leader," says the report, and further: "We also commend the industry and earnestness of Mr. O'Neil, of Providence, but regret his tendency to digress." But the report is on the whole condemnatory: "This was another 'safe' session for the politicians . . . Matters of public benefit, but considered politically dangerous, were carefully avoided." Nor does the League shrink from placing the blame squarely upon "the majority party, in full control of the situation," that is, the Republicans. Useless committee clerkships were not abolished; economy in the State printing was not advanced. Assemblymen vote as their party leaders desire: "Any man who wishes to go higher in public service cannot and will not, to any extent, offend them." The report names some of them: "The more prominent visible leaders, outside of Gov. Beeckman, who control the Rhode Island political situation, are Joseph P. Burlingame, Col. Frank W. Tillinghast, Isaac Gill, and Judge Nathan M. Wright. . . . They are said to represent invisible interests which control the political life of the State. . . . The local caucus is the crux of the situation." The League promises a report upon all candidates for State office, just before election.

Japan's demonstrations of delight over the defeat of Hobson for reëlection to the House have been carefully excluded from the dispatches, not a syllable being allowed to come through. But it is easy to imagine the "extras" which announced that the one man in the United States whom the Island Kingdom had to fear had followed up his defeat for the Senate by sustaining this second blow. It was all the more stunning since the once redoubtable Captain had made a special challenge for the place. He moved into the district for the one purpose of contesting for the honor of representing it at Washington. It was a new district, but composed of counties which had stood by him even against Underwood. His opponent was a son of Senator Bankhead, a stripling who was no more awake to the designs of Japan than the rest of the country. Finally, Hobson's race was merely preliminary to another struggle for the Senate two years hence. Yet he lost. "Hobson is no longer a dangerous factor in Alabama politics," remarks the Montgomery *Advertiser*. Tokio papers please copy.

The Attorney-General's letter suggesting that the Federal Trade Commission inquire into the price of coal, as affected by wages, is prompted not by the latest rise in prices alone, but by an accumulation of such rises. The investigation will be valuable only in proportion as it is thorough and comprehensive. For a decade there have been intermittent inquiries into one phase or another of the price of coal, undertaken now by the Interstate Commerce Commission, now by the Department of Justice, now by the Department of Labor, now by a Congressional committee. The only result thus far has been an order by the Public Service Commission of Pennsylvania directing a reduction in freight charges on anthracite hauling, and this has been appealed. To bring out the whole truth it will be necessary to overhaul the accounts of both mine operators and anthracite carriers. If the railways and operators will furnish frankly all the data they have, it ought to be possible for qualified investigators to determine whether or not the recent increase of prices is justified. On its face, Attorney-General Gregory's statement makes a grave showing against the operators. He offers figures by which it appears that the three increases in wages in the last sixteen years have been followed by advances in price out of all proportion to the higher cost of labor and to other new expenses. The operators should be as glad as any one to see the matter thoroughly probed.

Denver's return to the Mayoral form of government invalidates a favorite argument of the advocates of commission government. They have been in the habit of pointing to the fact that no city which had adopted the new form has ever gone back to the old. With New Orleans and Jersey City, the Colorado capital was a source of special satisfaction to them, as tending to render pointless the objection that commission government was not adapted for large cities. Less than two years have sufficed to weary it of the experiment. The election was somewhat complicated by the injection of the issue of who should be Mayor if the older system was restored. Robert W. Speer, who returns to power, has been a political storm-centre in Denver. Yet it does not appear that the issue of the kind of government was really obscured by the personal issue. The Charter League, which made the campaign for the restoration of the Mayoralty, did not designate a candidate. Mr. Speer, although a Democrat, ran as a non-partisan, and the fight against him savored of demagogy. If he and the Mayoralty rose or fell together, this was, under the circumstances, inevitable, even if voters were accustomed to thinking abstractly of forms of government instead of those forms as they have been or are likely to be administered.

The 186 Yankton Sioux whom Secretary Lane welcomed into full citizenship Saturday with ritual, a purse, a badge, and a flag were certified by the national "competency commission" to be able to look after their own affairs. The commission's caution is seen in the fact that in 1914 it recommended only 20 out of 300 Indians proposed from the Montana Flatheads. Equally notable is the testimony to the tact of the Interior Department in the thought spent on symbolizing the acceptance of full citizenship. The Indian shoots his last arrow and puts his hand to the plough, and the Secretary tells him that "this act means that you have chosen to live the life of the white man—and the white man lives by work. From the earth we all must get our living, and the earth will not yield unless man pours upon it the sweat of his brow." It is the hope of the Government that in a few decades it will have separated all the Indians from its control through the issuance of patents for lands now held in trust for them, and the payment of all Indian funds.

It is no longer possible to deny that standardization has us by the throat. On the first of July, the whole country will mean the same thing when it says "barrel"—that is, if it refers to a barrel used in the sale of fruits and vegetables. This barrel will contain 7,056 cubic inches, about 105 quarts, or approximately three bushels. A fine of $500 or imprisonment for six months will encourage lovers of individuality to lay aside their predilections in this matter and be like the rest of the community. It is but a short hundred and twenty-seven years since the Federal Government started out, among its powers being that of regulating weights and measures. Already we have a standard barrel. A few fleeting decades, and the standard bushel will confront us. To our great-grandchildren, a quart in New Hampshire may hold no more, no less, than a quart in New Jersey. It is hopeless to oppose the march of progress.

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GERMANY AND THE SUSSEX.

The German Government's confession of error in the Sussex case is so unreserved that, if the case stood alone, it would be ungracious to go back into its history at this moment for purposes of criticism or censure. But it does not stand alone. It is but the last of a long chain which stretches back to the very beginning of the war, and of which it is impossible to say what continuations there may be in the future. We say "to the very beginning of the war," because we have reference to something more than the acts of the German submarines or the statements officially put forward in regard to them. What we have in mind is nothing less than the principles which have governed the German Government in its statements upon crucial questions of fact, beginning with the charges of Belgian unneutrality and French transgression before the outbreak of the war, and extending to the denial of the torpedoing of the Sussex a few weeks ago.

The denial in the case of the Sussex was unqualified, though a willingness was expressed to examine any "further material" which the American Government might have at its disposal. How childish, how transparently inadequate, were the assertions of fact upon which that confident denial was predicated, we need not now insist; the document was instantaneously assessed at its true value in every quarter of the world; it provoked only derision, from China to Peru. But its worthlessness was really no more complete than was that of the statement of facts in the reply to our first note on the Lusitania. In that reply, we are told that, according to information of the German Government, "the Lusitania when she left New York undoubtedly had guns aboard which were mounted under decks and masked." That this was not so is now settled beyond dispute. Whether the information the German Government professed to have was furnished to it by the shabby and obscure perjurers now passing their time in an American prison, may be an open question; but no other source of information has been indicated from that time to this. An exceedingly interesting circumstance, however, common to the German allegations in the two cases—the Lusitania and the Sussex—deserves particular notice. The German note on the Lusitania said:

> According to the express report of the submarine commander concerned, which is further confirmed by all other reports, *there can be no doubt* that the rapid sinking of the Lusitania was primarily due to the explosion of the cargo of ammunition caused by the torpedo.

Likewise the note on the Sussex contained this statement, designed to show that the torpedoed vessel was a warship:

> The particularly violent explosion warrants *the certain conclusion* that great amounts of ammunition were aboard.

This fact, of which "there can be no doubt," was not a fact, and this "certain conclusion" was false; the former shown by ample specific evidence, the latter now admitted by the German Government itself.

The case of the Arabic furnished an illustration of the same spirit; but far more important is the way in which the German Government has attempted to foist upon Belgium the charge of faithlessness to her obligations of neutrality. Here we are left to no conjecture, as the famous documents seized in Brussels have been placed in the hands of all the world by the German Government itself as the proof of its charges. Yet they not only fail to prove that the charges are true, but to an upright mind furnish strong evidence that they are false. They have been referred to again and again, officially and semi-officially, as showing that Belgium had entered into an understanding with England to permit the use of her territory for an attack upon Germany; whereas the coöperation with England contemplated related solely to the contingency of a violation of Belgian neutrality by Germany—a contingency which subsequent events only too plainly showed the necessity of providing against. Other charges, which have received a similarly conspicuous place in the German propaganda of justification, have been shown to be equally baseless; notably the allegation that before the declaration of war French aviators dropped bombs upon Nürnberg.

Upon what principle the heads of the German Government justify to themselves this kind of attitude towards the truth, we shall not undertake to consider; whether it is upon the same principle as that which actuated Bismarck when he deliberately falsified the epoch-making Ems telegram, or whether it is merely a natural part of the general doctrine of routine "military necessity" as understood at Berlin, may be matter of question. But one thing is perfectly clear. If you deal with the truth as a thing to be moulded and changed and belied according to your convenience, you cannot enjoy the gains of such a policy without suffering the losses which inevitably go with them. The German reply on the Sussex was weak enough on its face; yet it would not have been so instantly and summarily dismissed had the German Government's reputation for trustworthiness in any statement in which its interests are involved not been hopelessly injured long before. It is some comfort to think that moral assets have not altogether lost their value, even in the awful crash of civilized life through which we are now passing. It would be worth much to Germany to have refrained from misrepresentations which, while they have utterly failed of acceptance, have seriously added to the moral discredit which the war has brought upon her.

PREPARING FOR THE BIG SCENE.

Verdun, a mighty episode in itself, is only the prelude to the climactic act, and probably the final act, of the war drama. Above the grim orchestration of the guns on the Meuse there come from behind the curtain the vague sounds and scurryings that immediately precede the darkening of the house and the upflare of the footlights. England hurries through conscription. Russians come across fifteen thousand miles of land and sea to take their place on the front. Fresh Canadian forces cross the Atlantic. Australians are ferried over to France from Egypt. Verdun, to change the figure, is a colossal vanguard operation. The French have been battling for nearly thirteen weeks to cover the great mobilization of the Allies for what they hope will be the decisive attempt. The Germans have been trying to break up this mobilization either by smashing through the French line or by putting it in such peril as to disarray the Allied plan. If the British army, for example, after the infinite preparations which have been going on since last September, could be compelled to rush to the rescue of the French on the Meuse and fight along lines laid down by the Germans, it is plain what the profit would be for the Kaiser's leaders. This explains the continued fury of the German onset and the heroic tenacity of the French. At any cost the Allies must retain the initiative, the power to strike only when they are completely prepared.

The presence of the Russians on the western battle front is part of the great mobilization; but the intended effect is moral rather than material. Now that we are told that the Czar's troops have come by way of the Trans-Siberian Railway and Dalny, it seems more than ever improbable that the Allies in the west attach serious importance to the

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trickle of reinforcements which can reach them after a three months' journey from European Russia. The shipping tied up in the voyage could be better employed in the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. And even if we suppose that in a little while the Russian troops will be coming by the shorter Archangel route, the number of men that the Czar can ship over to France in any appreciable time is fairly insignificant. It took four transports of the size of the Adriatic to bring over 14,000 Canadians in three weeks, and Archangel is nearly as far as Halifax. To suppose that the French stood in pressing need of the one or two divisions the Czar might ultimately place at their disposal would be to imagine them in a dire condition; and undoubtedly the impression created by the story of the Russians seemed to reinforce what we know from other sources about the strain on French resources. Yet we now have Major Moraht estimating the French engaged around Verdun at 800,000, which he takes as one-half of their total available resources. Well, a million and a half men, actively engaged as Moraht says, is no mean army, and the addition of 5,000 or 10,000 Russians is a trifle. The Russians are in France primarily as a sign of Allied unity, as a moral stimulus. It is almost as if the Allies were confident of the success of their great attempt, and had invited their Russian friends to be in at the death.

Of the general nature of the preparations which the British army has been conducting there can be little doubt. It is the same painful process of minute study which preceded the French attack in Champagne last September and the present German attack around Verdun. It means the spying out and mapping of every ditch in the network of trenches which make up a single "line," every bastion and redoubt and farmhouse, every hillock and copse, every concealed machine gun. It means the plotting out of all conceivable gun ranges. It means more than anything else—remembering the ghastly failure of the reserves around Loos—the most minute preparations for bringing up the reserves after the first shock of battle. It is from this vast preliminary work that Joffre would not let his allies be diverted at the hottest moments around Verdun when British aid could have been readily brought up. It must be assumed that so far as human foresight can provide the Allies are providing against error. But the main reliance is on numbers; and it is in this respect that we must expect the Allied effort to surpass anything the war has as yet shown. Behind the British lines there has been piled up a vast human material, in numbers sufficient to offset errors of leadership as they may arise. We have read of the assault in waves which the French delivered in Champagne and the Germans around Verdun. We must assume that the British are prepared to send ahead wave after wave, regardless of cost, in the attempt to win through by sheer sacrifice of men. If the enemy's barbed-wire defences are not completely demolished, as happened around Loos, if hidden German machine guns maintain themselves in the rear of the charging line, we must assume that the British are getting ready to send forward men enough to make up for all such mishaps.

This is the reason why the British Cabinet has been won over to conscription. The Allied effort when it comes will probably see three million men throwing themselves against the German lines in the west, while simultaneously we may expect the Russians to strike out in the east. And evidently the determination prevails in the Allied camp to leave no man and no gun and no ounce of strength unavailable that can be put into the final thrust.

IS THE PRIMARY DISCREDITED?

It is less than a month to Convention-time, and the majority of Republican delegates have been chosen in direct primary. But because the outcome at the primaries has not clearly determined the action of the Convention at Chicago, the failure of the primary is being continually cited as another of the great disappointments of democracy. Delegations have been pledged to candidates whose nomination at Chicago is recognized as impossible by the men who voted for them. The two men between whom the real contest lies have not formally gone before the people. For Col. Roosevelt this amounts to a repudiation of the great principle on which he led the secession of four years ago. When the champion of the voice of the people refuses to submit his case to the popular test and pins his faith to the old-fashioned convention, there is apparently little left to be said in favor of a scheme that may be utilized by ambitious politicians or discarded at will.

In defence of a system for which good men fought so strenuously and upon which such high hopes were based, it may be said in the first place that the present reaction against the primary is only a characteristic expression of our public temperament. It is in the order of things that any new device in our political or social machinery shall be hailed as the promise of a new heaven and a new earth, and that immediately. It is equally in the order of things that the first hitch in the new machinery shall be received as a sign of permanent failure. Apparently, we lack the patience for a thorough test. We fail to recognize how every great political and social innovation is an experiment and a rough approximation when it goes on the statute books, and that it needs a long process of adjustment in order to bring the original plan into conformity with the complex facts of life. In the parliaments of Europe few important pieces of legislation go into effect before the process of amendment begins. A system like the German insurance laws or the English land laws in Ireland is built up through the years. It is not so different with us, if we look into the facts. With us there comes first the great enthusiasm, then the great disappointment, and then silence and indifference. And while public attention has turned to some new great hope, the original scheme goes through the inevitable tinkering and trimming and enters quietly into the routine of our political public life.

But the defence of the direct primary does not rest merely upon such general considerations. It needs no particularly close study of the situation in the Republican party to-day, and as it was before several of the great Republican States had elected their delegates, to discern that, far from being a futile performance, the primary has profoundly affected the probable course of the Convention at Chicago. A month ago there were qualified observers who professed to regard Col. Roosevelt's nomination as inevitable. Then came Massachusetts, and these same observers now regard the Colonel's nomination as impossible. Either view may be overstrained, but the difference in the public temper measures the effect of the Massachusetts primary. And after California has spoken out as Massachusetts has spoken in the matter of Roosevelt, it seems idle to insist that the primary is a failure in respect to shaping the action of the Convention in accordance with public sentiment. The swift ebb in the tide towards Roosevelt, the corresponding flood of sentiment for Hughes, are the work of two States speaking out through their primaries. If the ideal of the primary is merely to place a candidate before the Convention,

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then the primary is a failure. If the purpose of the primary is to voice public opinion in a way that no amount of loud loyalty to a favorite son can express, and thereby to influence the counsels of the assembled delegates, Massachusetts and California have fully justified the hopes based on the system of direct nominations.

The results in Michigan and Nebraska illustrate even more clearly than Massachusetts and California how the direct primary can influence the course of a nominating convention without forcing its own candidate upon the Convention. Henry Ford will not be nominated at Chicago. But through the votes cast for Henry Ford notice has been served that in choosing the man with whom it must go before the people, the Chicago Convention must take the Henry Ford idea into account. In Michigan there was a majority for Ford, and the State's delegates are instructed for him. In Nebraska the Cummins delegation won. But as regards the effect upon proceedings at Chicago, the outcome in Michigan is not a whit more important than in Nebraska. The outstanding fact is that there was a heavy vote for Ford in both States. The odd thousands that made the difference between Ford's Michigan majority and Nebraska minority would be important if he had had a real chance for the nomination. But with the contest between Roosevelt and some one else, the votes for Ford count, wherever they are. In other words, the direct primary, in critical times like the present, gives an opportunity for the expression of a sentiment which may be in a minority in every State, and yet in its total represents a force which the Convention is bound to take into account.

The primary may not surely determine the candidate of the party beforehand, but it has come nearer doing so than it would have by designating forty-eight Toms, Dicks, and Harrys for the nomination. And perhaps not the least tribute to the primary comes in the very refusal of Col. Roosevelt to submit to a plébiscite. It shows that he was afraid of the direct answer of the people.

COMIC CHARACTERS.

Modern interpretations of Shylock may range from Henry Irving's stately embodiment of the unconquerable Jew of the Exile to Mansfield's fawning and viperous moneylender. Shylock may be heroic or melodramatic or a mixture of the two, but no Shylock of to-day can conceivably be the comic figure of Shakespeare's contemporaries. The transformation of the Jew of Venice through the centuries is an index of the extraordinary change in human temperament and sympathies. We find it possible to accept the grotesque touches which the modern player will put into the character, and fuse them into the general impression of a serious or even a solemn personification. We do not find it easy to understand how Elizabethan audiences fused Shylock's outbursts of moving or terrifying passion into the general conception of a character approaching the clown. The fact remains that in this figure of the Merchant of Venice the public has asserted the privilege of co-authorship which it has exercised in the case of other great figures in the drama and in fiction. And especially has this been true of originally comic figures, like Shylock, which our increased sensibility or our greater enlightenment has transformed into types of universal significance, with the comic element reduced to a minimum where it is not altogether eliminated.

The evolution of Shylock finds a striking parallel in the fortunes of that other famous comic character who was born within ten years of the birth of the Jew of Venice. When "Don Quixote" first appeared, in 1605, it was regarded as a book of drolleries, almost as a funny book, says Fitzmaurice Kelly. An intended satire on the absurdities of books of chivalry has become a glorification of the spiritual side of man. But more than that, Don Quixote has become the embodiment of those very qualities which, in their formalized and desiccated expression, he set out to ridicule. It is a commonplace to say that Cervantes laughed chivalry out of existence. In the same breath we accept Don Quixote as the great type of the inexpugnable chivalry in the heart of man. He has won the affections of the world for precisely the same reasons that brought him the laughter of his contemporaries, for his habit of tilting at windmills, detecting giant helmets in barbers' basins, and royal princesses in village wenches. He was, perhaps, the first of the great Pragmatists. He was an early exponent of the validity of the Will as an object in itself, independent of the purpose to which it directs itself. The contemporaries of Cervantes, and readers long after, lumped the Knight of the Dolorous Countenance with his own favorite knight-errants as equally mad in contrast to the magnificent common-sense of Sancho Panza. The modern world chooses to follow Turgenieff, and contrasts the energizing madness of the Don with the debilitating ratiocination of Hamlet.

If men three hundred years ago found only food for laughter in madmen like Don Quixote or in creatures of demoniac fury like Shylock, it is not sufficient explanation to point out that it was a coarser and more brutal age which did, as a matter of fact, go for its fun to the mad-houses, the pillories, and the scaffold. Manners and sensibilities, it is true, have grown more refined. But we have gone further than developing a sharper pity for the crack-brain and the fool whom other ages found simply amusing. We have gone on to find a truer significance for life in the vagaries of the madman and the simplicities of the fool. Having associated prophecy with hysteria and genius with madness, we have proceeded to recognize hysteria and madness as almost the essential prerequisite for prophecy and genius. Abnormal psychology is only abnormal for the Sancho Panzas who make up the mass of humanity. For the leaders, abnormality is the norm. In its fullest expression, it gives us Rousseau and Nietzsche. On a much lower plane it produces the great raft of contemporary ideas which are not sound but are original, the books which are ill-informed and contradictory, but which for that very reason are "stimulating," in a way that mere sanity cannot be. Men whom a rougher age would have found amusing are to-day inspirational, and ideas which would have been laughed at are now conducive to thought.

The justification for making comedy coextensive with life, or for taking comedy and turning it into a complete picture of life, is partially supplied by the creators of the great comic figures of literature which have undergone the transformation. If Don Quixote has changed from a madman into a type of aspiration and unconquerable will, it is not all the work of successive generations of readers. The germ is in Cervantes. It is a common case of a creature of the imagination escaping from the limits of the original design and taking the story into its own hands. Cervantes may have set out to write a burlesque; he finished by producing an immortal type, to be recognized as such only by later generations. Thus Shylock is one of the comic characters that got out of hand, and so is Joseph Andrews, who started out as a burlesque on Pamela. The writers of a later day may have recognized the uses of the comic character and have done or tried to do consciously what the earlier writers did

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without knowing. It is the modern tendency which turns a puppet-show into "Faust," which makes of the picaresque adventures of Don Juan a tale embodying the yearnings of the creative principle, and which takes Peer Gynt as a symbol of humanity. Contemporary fondness for the manikin on wires and the clown as the heroes of tragedy shows this transformation of the comic in full play.

THE WEST CULTIVATING ITS HISTORICAL GARDEN.

When Reuben G. Thwaites died in 1913 it must have seemed to many that Western historical scholarship, losing its chief figure and the one man who had given its purely local research some appeal to the world at large, might for years present little of interest. The student of the Jesuit relations, the compiler who had given color to long rows of volumes of original narratives of border warfare, and of early Western travel, was gone; his domain might now fall to the petty essay-writers of local and State historical societies. But such apprehensions overlooked the fact that Thwaites, in his last years, was but one of a group of very human scholars who were doing comprehensive work; and that the field had become recognized as one to be covered systematically, one in which well-endowed or State-supported laboratories of research and publications were to be maintained. No States in the country have taken more conscious care of their historical interests than those of the Middle West, and in none is there now such a hive of historical industry. The work is seldom likely to produce a Parkman or H. H. Bancroft, for few aspects of it give opportunity for historical writing on broad lines. But it is producing men who deserve to be compared with Thwaites, and since his death it has found a marked development in all lines. For this the State universities, and the interest awakened by some approaching State centenaries, are mainly responsible.

It was only in 1914, for example, that the Michigan Historical Commission began its first year as a State department of history, authorized to take charge of all archives, State or local, over thirty years old. It is slowly obtaining funds, and it looks forward to a suitable building. In Indiana the Legislature has supplemented the Historical Library by creating an Historical Commission of eight members, for which $25,000 has been appropriated. Plans have been drawn for a series of volumes of documentary materials, and it is hoped to make the Commission permanent. In Wisconsin the State Historical Society has found a worthy successor to Thwaites in M. M. Quaife, and the publication of all its series proceeds. In Minnesota, officers of the State University have rescued the Historical Society in the last two years from comparative inactivity. In Iowa, the State Society has almost completed the first thorough history of education in any State, in five volumes; and the social and political studies have reached so wide a range that a typical recent publication is a volume on third-party movements in the United States, merely with "special reference" to Iowa. But it is in Illinois that the most notable steps have been taken. The Legislature there has created an Historical Commission for the production of a centennial history of the State, and work on it is already going forward under Prof. C. W. Alvord, all the writers being faculty members of the State University. At the same time an inchoate institution for research at the University has been reorganized into the Illinois Historical Survey, and it and the Commission are working together in making an unprecedented collection of local historical material.

The collection of sources must take precedence of comprehensive historical writing, and the growth in the energy devoted to it in some Western Commonwealths has been amazing. So late as 1903 the last records relating to the old French settlement of Cahokia were still in danger of following their predecessors to the bonfire, and the Kaskaskia records were mouldering on a court-house shelf. Now, Professor Alvord's Survey has one worker in Paris copying French documents on Illinois, work is being done in England and Spain, thousands of MSS. are being copied or photographed in Washington, newspaper files are being collected from representative cities and villages all over the State, and twelve researchers and five typists are selecting and copying or filing valuable matter from private collections. As in Michigan, every paper over thirty years old is looked upon as of possible value. Three large volumes of bibliography, covering travel and description, county history and biography, and State laws, have already been published. In Indiana, Professor Woodburn hopes ultimately to do as much.

Nor are the results, as slowly turned into historical volumes, pedantically uninteresting. An edition of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, supplemented with illustrative material drawn largely from contemporary newspapers; an edition of the George Rogers Clark papers, edited to give an account of the Clark expedition; the picture of French-American village life in the Kaskaskia records, are not dull. In Iowa, the volumes of "applied history" are excellent examples of what economic and legislative records should be. With Illinois and Wisconsin leading, in time every State of the group should have its large historical library, its collections of reprinted sources, and its digested histories covering each period of development.

Foreign Correspondence

PRUSSIANISM IN BELGIUM—CARDINAL MERCIER'S LENTEN SERMON.

By A. J. BARNOUW.

THE HAGUE, May 1.

The Prussian system, which breaks the individual to blind obedience instead of educating him to a sense of responsibility for his own actions, has made the Prussian mind incapable of understanding the spirit of people to whom obedience is a self-imposed duty, as their conscience alone can tell them whether a command should be executed or opposed. Character, under that system, becomes a crime, and submission to injustice a virtue. A striking instance of this Prussian failure to recognize and honor the moral courage of disobedience to commands to obey which would lower the recalcitrant in his own eyes is seen in the forcible abduction of two famous Belgian professors of Ghent University to a prisoners' camp in Germany. One is Prof. Henri Pirenne, author of that magnificent work "Histoire de Belgique," who counts among the greatest historians of modern days; the other is Prof. Paul Fredericq, whose studies of the Inquisition in the Netherlands in the days of the Reformation bear testimony to his learning and historical talent.

Personally, Pirenne is little known in Holland; he is a Walloon by birth, and French, accordingly, is his native language, though, as a matter of course, the writer of Belgium's history is thoroughly familiar with the Flemish tongue. But Fredericq is a popular man in Holland. As a Fleming and a Flamingant, he never failed to attend the Congresses at which the Netherlanders of Holland and Belgium used to meet and fraternize, and the eloquence and fervor with which he spoke, on those occasions, of the history and the language of his race are still fresh in the memory of his many friends in Holland. He was at his best as a reciter of Flemish folk-songs. I remember him addressing a meeting, some ten years ago, at The Hague, when he gave his audience a history in outline of Flemish balladry and illustrated the lecture with the recital of characteristic songs. A university professor singing in public on a platform! That was quite an unusual spectacle to the sedate Hollanders, to whom a professor is the embodiment of solemn

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composure. To this enthusiast, this man of song, sorrow has not been spared since war broke out. The two sisters with whom he lived died, one shortly after the other, and he himself, soon after the Germans had occupied Ghent, was taken by them as a hostage. And now he and Pirenne have been carried away to Germany to be interned in separate officers' camps.

What was their crime? Too much character, and obedience to their own conscience. It is the history of the Reformation days (which Fredericq knows so well) all over again: then the Fleming had to choose between death and apostasy, and he chose death; now he must choose between loss of freedom and loss of self-respect, and he chooses loss of freedom. A people which, from its earliest days, has always asserted its liberty, a nation of inveterate rebels against all forms of tyranny, will not submit to force, neither in things ecclesiastic, as in the sixteenth century, nor in things political, as to-day. What actually happened no one knows. But at the first news of their arrest it was clear that it had something to do with the so-called Flamification of the University of Ghent (see the *Nation*, March 16, p. 306). It is now said that Pirenne was offered the rectorate of the University by Freiherr von Bissing, and that he refused, saying the Belgian Government alone had a right to appoint him. This refusal, however, as coming from a French-speaking Belgian, cannot have been half so vexing to the German ruler as that of Fredericq, who, as a Fleming, ought to have shown himself grateful for this gift of a university to his race, which their own Government had always denied them. It seems a naïve and stupid policy which hopes to win its way by crowning the rebel, whose moral heroism might have died fameless, with the aureole of a public martyr. The Flemish cause can only gain by it.

The fate of these two men, who suffer for no public disobedience, brings into stronger relief the brave and imposing attitude of Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines. For he need not, and probably does not, trust to his exalted position as a safeguard against Prussian despotism. The publisher of his latest Lent sermon, and his secretary, Monsignor Loncin, are under arrest, an unmistakable warning to his Eminence that the authorities at Brussels will not shrink from depriving him of his freedom if his conception of his pastoral duty remains at variance with the Prussian conception of obedience. One has to be trained in the Prussian line of thought to feel anything but reverence and admiration for the tone and the tenor of this Lent sermon, in which the Cardinal exhorts his flock to trust to the ultimate victory of right over force, and preaches to them the virtue of patriotism:

"Together with our King and Government you have agreed to this immense sacrifice to the Fatherland. In obedience to our pledged word, in recognition of the moral truth that justice passes force, you have sacrificed your possessions, your homes, your sons, your husbands, and, after eighteen months of suppression, you remain proud of your deed as you were on the very first day. And all over the world your self-abnegation is understood and admired. You are well aware that I have never concealed my anxiety from you. I have preached to you the love of the Fatherland, because it is knit up with the chief virtue of Christianity: the love of one's neighbors. Still, from the very beginning I have made you feel that I foresaw a long time of trial. But the natural and supernatural conviction that the ultimate victory will be ours is anchored in my soul deeper than ever."

What offence can there possibly be in these words of comfort to the mourning widows and mothers of the poor, stricken land? Is "Vaterlandsliebe" a crime in any other nation than the German? Is "Treue" a fake if it is not "deutsche Treue," even as hock is a fake which grew not on the Rhine? This is one of the ugliest features of modern Prussianism, this inability to revere the good and the noble where these virtues happen to clash with the national interests of Germany.

THE LAST OF THE TORIES.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, May 3.

Few announcements of the bestowal of a peerage upon a member of the House of Commons have been received with greater satisfaction than that which sends Mr. Chaplin to "another place." The closing of an exceptionally long Parliamentary career, notified by his decision not to offer himself for reëlection in a new Parliament, would be incomplete without it. Having with brief interval sat in the House of Commons for forty-eight years, relegation to private life seemed unnatural. There is something peculiarly appropriate in his passing on to the dignified atmosphere of the House of Lords, where constituents cease from troubling and a veteran in the political fray may be at rest.

The brief interval alluded to in his Parliamentary life was responsible for failure to obtain a much-prized honor. How admirably he would have filled the post of the Father of the House of Commons has been brought home to members by his deportment while fulfilling the duties of leader of a non-existent Opposition. It befalls in the ordinary course of events that some statesmen are called officially to represent the party in opposition to the Government of the day. It is a commonplace situation, the measure of success attendant upon it varying with individual capacity. Filling the seat on the front bench to the left of the Speaker, where in turn have sat Disraeli and Gladstone, Mr. Chaplin found his duty limited to rising once or twice in a week at the conclusion of questions and inviting the Prime Minister to state what business would be taken to-morrow or the day after. But with what dignity, authority, and supreme importance Mr. Chaplin invested what in other hands would have been a matter-of-fact function of third-rate importance!

When he first presented himself in this gossamer garb of office, the House, habitually prone to chaff a favorite member, hilariously cheered. Only Mr. Asquith, with exaggerated gravity that lent a finishing touch to the little comedy, faced the situation seriously. From the day last session when Mr. Bonar Law and some of his colleagues crossed over to seat themselves on the Treasury Bench, Mr. Chaplin was punctual in attendance at the opening of questions. Holding the paper in his hand, he closely followed the long catalogue of interrogation, rounding it off with his own official inquiry. To general regret, the state of his health has precluded attendance of late Now the House of Commons, in which he has been a familiar figure for nearly half a century, will see his face no more, unless, glancing up at the gallery over the clock, they catch a glimpse of him, surveying the old scene from a new point of view.

The Peers' Gallery happens to have an unforgettable memory for him. Forty-one years ago this month he rose to deliver an address on the question of the breed of horses. His late Majesty, then Prince of Wales, who honored him by personal friendship, came down to hear the oration attended by a galaxy of peers. It was a great occasion, and Mr. Chaplin was diligently prepared to rise to its height. Unfortunately he had a few days earlier incurred the enmity of Mr. Biggar, Parnell's grotesque lieutenant in direction of the Irish Nationalist party. As soon as he rose, Mr. Biggar "spied strangers." In accordance with an antique order then in force, the shocked Speaker had no alternative but to have the galleries cleared. The heir to the throne, a group of noble lords, two or three foreign Ministers seated in the Ambassadors' gallery, were obliged to withdraw, and Mr. Chaplin's anticipated day of triumph ended in broad farce.

Among other distinctions he enjoyed the rare one of preserving through an exceptionally long political career the attitude of consistency. Disraeli, commencing life as a Radical, lived to be the leader of the Conservative party, the chosen champion of our old nobility. Gladstone, "the rising hope of stern, unbending Toryism," led the Liberal host to many victories. Chamberlain, who carried through the country the fiery cross of an unauthorized programme too extremely radical for his colleagues and chief in the Cabinet of 1885, became the mainstay of a party led by Lord Salisbury. Born and bred a Tory, Mr. Chaplin has fought all his life against free trade. By an unexpected turn of affairs, owing chiefly to the courage and capacity of a single statesman, he lived to see the main body of the Conservative party come round to his views on the question of protection. For years they had halted by the way. Many had wandered out of it. He sturdily trudged on, carrying the old flag raised in the House of Commons by Lord George Bentinck and vigorously waved by Disraeli. At a time when the cause seemed finally lost, the party once more rallied round it.

Brought up in a Parliamentary school wherein Disraeli flourished, Mr. Chaplin preserved to the last some of his characteristics. His speech bewrayed a fashion elsewhere extinct. By close and admiring study he unconsciously imitated Disraeli's oratorical manner.

Probably if he had never had an opportunity of studying it, his Parliamentary success would have been more conspicuous. Able, well informed, personally popular, enjoying exceptional opportunities of ascertaining the views and feelings of country gentlemen, he might as their spokesman have achieved a position of influence and usefulness, something akin to that of Lord George Bentinck. But the temptations thrown in his way by Disraeli were irresistible. To listen to the great man uttering in deep chest notes pompously conceived commonplaces, to behold him literally filling out his cheeks with wind, to note his Jove-like frown, and to see him fling his arms about in windmill fashion, seemed easy for any one with ordinary mimetic powers to imitate. Where Mr. Chaplin made the mistake was in believing that these little man-

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nerisms, rarely and with deliberate purpose assumed, held the secret of Disraeli's Parliamentary preëminence. Making due allowance for diversity of personal appearance, Mr. Chaplin reproduced them skilfully enough. But the House of Commons only laughed, for it was all of the great master the earnest, painstaking pupil was capable of recalling.

Another heritage dating from the mid-Victorian era the last of the Tories benefited by was a habit of unvarying courtesy in speech and manner. A strong party man, an unsparing critic, he never hit below the belt, nor under whatsoever provocation did he cast aside the courtly manner not always preserved in the heat of conflict in the modern House of Commons. With his departure from the scene there disappears a type we shall not look upon again.

AMERICA'S SUMMONS — FRENCH IMPRESSIONS.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, May 1.

French opinion has been strongly impressed by the positive tone and solemn circumstances of President Wilson's declarations concerning Germany's submarine warfare. Americans, whose sensitiveness is not the same, may profit by such impressions.

The Paris press warned Frenchmen that the American President's calling together of Senate and House of Representatives is not a proceeding foreseen by the Constitution, and so adds no legal authority; and that President Wilson's delivering his message in person to the united assembly has not been the use of American Presidents. That is, the American Congress never sits as a National Assembly in the French sense. That name is given to the united session of the two Chambers of the French Parliament. It is called for the election of a President of the Republic or a revision of the Constitution—both of which are works of Parliament in France.

Even so, the editor of the Paris *Débats* deduces that "Congress" in America is after all the equivalent of "Parliament" in France. Yet nothing could show more clearly than President Wilson's action that the Government of the American Republic is not Parliamentary in the European sense. In France, the President can communicate with Parliament only through Ministers whom Parliament keeps in office, and who alone are responsible for the policy, domestic or foreign, which Parliament dictates to them. The German press has been trying to persuade neutrals from the beginning that President Poincaré pushed France to war. He certainly had no power to do so as President of the French Republic.

This is a matter of present history, an object-lesson in contemporary experiments in government. More important is the general French recognition that President Wilson makes a clear distinction between things which, it was feared, had been confused in the American mind. It is seen that he acknowledges distinct obligations for America:

(1.) To defend the rights of neutral nations, particularly of the United States.

(2.) To maintain the rights of nations in general, including belligerents.

The latter duty, in the President's declaration, is applied mainly to safeguards which international law has placed round the lives of non-combatants, and which Germany has not the right to change at her single will.

The French will always deplore that this principle was not applied from the start to Germany's self-confessed violation of treaties and her repudiation of her signature by the invasion of Belgium, as well as to her repeated disregard of less fundamental provisions of international law as it existed before the war. What is to become of international law when war is past does not yet appear.

Many persist in thinking that a clearer-headed and less panic-stricken attitude on the part of neutrals when Belgium was invaded, with a violation of not one, but two, frontiers whose neutrality had the guarantee of treaties signed by Germany—Belgium-Germany and Belgium-France—might have influenced the whole course of war in the sense of justice. It is still thought that, if England had spoken duly when Germany enforced her right of conquest by annexing forcibly Alsace-Lorraine against the will of the inhabitants, the course of history might have been changed for a century. As it is, the existence of international law based on justice and the sacredness of treaties, which are the contracts of nations, has been risked; and the world has risked finding its civilization subjected to the law and organization of force for an untold time.

Even the greatest nations like England and the United States cannot by any present action make the past not to have been. Nations also, unlike individuals, are impervious to remorse, which besides would be useless. The whirligig of time may bring its revenges to the injured individual with renewed opportunities, but slaughtered nations shall never see the generations that were wronged restored to their rights. A complete restitution of international law can only bring about quite new conditions. Frenchmen who feel this irreversibility of time and its wrongs naturally wonder how the problem is to be settled of Germany's signature to treaties when war is over and negotiations have to be entered into for peace. Will the United States be surety for her observance of her signature in the future?

An uncertain astonishment has been produced by President Wilson's courteous recognition that, in time past, Germany has worked along with the United States for the same ideals. It is thought this must refer precisely to international law and the proceedings of the various meetings at The Hague. It is not believed possible that Germany's political ideals—Imperial Government, State-bound liberty, constitution of the people as primarily a military Power—should be supposed to have anything in common with American ideals or American practice. With their remembrances of 1870, Frenchmen had already been struck by the American President's recognition of Germany's attachment to humanitarian principles. All these distinctions and impressions are of weight if America is to have any influence for justice in the final peace.

It will not be a question of revenge or even of punishment for Germany's wrongdoing to so many peoples. The payment of indemnities by Germany for damages actually wrought, the restriction of privileges which Germany had enjoyed beyond all reasonable equality among nations, will be determined by the completeness of victory—and in the measure of possibility. The forfeiture of their Imperial position by Prussia and Austria may or may not be secured. There is certainly no idea prevalent among Frenchmen that the German people must have any government imposed on them against their will. Enough of this has been done by Germany herself, with results that all can plainly see.

On the contrary, some nervous apprehension of America's ultimate stand cannot but be felt. It is not about any chastisement that may be imposed on Germany from without. It is about the chastisement which comes to wrongdoing from itself, that which follows wrongdoing as its natural consequence just as headache and paralysis follow drunken excitement. It is felt this should not be spared Germany. She should not be soothed and doctored by the ill-timed interference of the United States or other neutrals as drunkards are babied until they no longer recognize their wrongdoing and are not ashamed.

Even if it should turn out impossible to satisfy their sense of justice, the French people have yet another and stronger feeling of the necessity in the case. Prussian militarism, whether the German people march with it willingly or reluctantly, must not be allowed to continue its present organization of Germany into a war-machine. In Europe there must be no central Power able to try to impose its hegemony and its *Kultur* by force. It is hard to see how this can be prevented without some fundamental reorganization of the German Empire.

It is this which Frenchmen and Belgians, Servians and Poles, and as many others as have felt the weight of the German mailed fist are now fearing official America will not understand, should neutrals have a voice in the final peace. And this is what Maeterlinck meant when he said a few days ago to American friends at Nice: "Remember—our hatred must be lasting, for it is only the other side of justice."

Notes from the Capital

ALBERT BAIRD CUMMINS.

When the political crisis of 1912 had reached its keenest intensity, and Albert Baird Cummins, of Iowa, had avowed his purpose of voting for Roosevelt, but his unwillingness to become an active member of a third party, one of his former supporters remarked with some feeling: "I'd like that man better if his name were Cummings." In spite of his enigmatic mode of expression, every one who heard him knew exactly what he meant. The softness of the termination suggested a disappointing elision—a hint of not quite filling out the original intention of the word. There are a good many things about Cummins that provoke a similar thought. Tall, without conveying an impression of height; with a pleasant but not very forceful face; with coloring that is neither aggressively light nor positively dark, but of a dusty grayish tone; and with a manner that leaves one in a little doubt what to expect at the next meeting: Cummins looks the compromise candidate rather than the controller of multitudes.

Yet he must have a good deal of native power, or he could not have got where he is.

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The son of a Pennsylvania carpenter, and starting in life himself at the bench with the notion of following in his father's footsteps, he was diverted by his youthful reading to the notion of moving westward and studying engineering, which held forth larger promises in a new country than the simple trade he had entered upon. So well did he push this work that he was offered, while still a very young man, the position of chief engineer on a railway of growing importance, but declined it because an opportunity had come his way to prepare himself for the Iowa bar under desirable auspices. His association with railway matters had whetted his taste for them, and he speedily switched from general practice into making a specialty of railway law. The carrying corporations retained him, but soon learned that they did not own him; and when they found him unwilling to go to Des Moines and spend his strength in the lobby of the Legislature they grew cooler towards him. What he lost in one direction, however, he gained in another, and before long he was recognized as the lawyer whose special knowledge could most help clients in suits against the carriers.

Meanwhile he had taken a hand in politics as a Prohibitionist. The Prohibition party passed through various vicissitudes, and he became convinced that launching reforms through third parties had its drawbacks, because the chances were more than even that the moment the old parties discovered that a reform idea had actually taken hold of a goodly number of voters, one or the other of them would begin bidding for this support, usually with the result of absorbing most of it and leaving the adventurous third party with nothing but a skeleton of its former strength. So in due course Cummins took his place, with a lot of other Prohibitionists, in the regular Republican ranks, and set himself about effecting his reforms from the inside of the party dominant in Iowa.

Up to about the time of his advent, the party had accepted Protection bodily, and without reservations, as one of its chief tenets. But it did not take Cummins a great while to figure out that what the Iowa farmers wanted was protection for their own products, but as low a tariff as possible on what they needed to buy. Here was the basis for the "Iowa idea" which he devised and sprang upon his public. "Protection," as he put the matter himself in an explanation to a journalistic friend, "is not a principle, but a policy of trade. There is nothing sacred in any tariff schedule." With this idea as a basis, he has been free to criticise whatever protective measures of the Republican party he deemed injurious, or even of doubtful value, to the farmers of the northern Mississippi Valley; and the same spirit has animated his action on all manner of reformatory suggestions, political, social, moral, financial, and economic, that have been brought forward by any group of public leaders. It is the safe middle ground he wishes to occupy, as the safest place from which to fight the violent and unreasonable radicals on the one side and the mossbacks and reactionaries on the other.

It cannot be said that he does his fighting hesitantly, or hides from danger. He has courage enough, of a sort; but, while he asserts himself with much more positiveness than his predecessor in the Senate, Mr. Allison, we do not find him leading forlorn hopes in order to make a record for a cause, or leaping so far ahead of his followers that a majority of them cannot keep up with him. It has been argued in his behalf that he is the kind of public man who can always be relied upon to do the well-considered thing, and that which is fairest for the largest number; but it has been asked a good many times recently whether he would be equal to a sudden and sharp emergency, and no satisfactory answer has been forthcoming. There are moments, as the country has been reminded repeatedly, when the popular leader who can drop the scales of judgment and swing the axe with effect is the man for the place of authority, and the axe has never been a familiar weapon with Iowa's favorite son. As a Presidential candidate, moreover, Cummins is not a little handicapped by conditions which he has helped to create; the fact that Iowa is already so rock-ribbed a Republican State tends to set the practical politicians looking elsewhere.

There is no likelihood that the country will lose sight of the Senator, whatever happens in the political world. Every tourist who makes a trip by rail this summer, every traveller on business who carries a piece of checkable luggage, will be reminded of him at intervals; for Cummins is the author of the statutory provision which makes it necessary to sign a valuation paper as a preliminary to moving one's property from a baggage-room to a baggage-car, and the station employees seem to have entered into a combination to keep his name before the patrons of their roads by way of relieving themselves individually of responsibility for the nuisance. I can imagine that there are some other elements of his fame in which he takes greater pride and pleasure.

TATTLER.

Hofmannsthal as a Lyric Poet

By CHARLES WHARTON STORK.

The name of Hugo von Hofmannsthal is fairly well known to those who attempt to follow the course of modern literature in Europe. Furthermore, all opera-goers have come in contact with it through the chance that two of Hofmannsthal's plays, "Electra" and "Der Rosenkavalier," were set to music by Richard Strauss. His "Elektra" was also acted in New York by Mrs. Patrick Campbell. It may nevertheless be safely said that the peculiar genius of this author is but little appreciated in America, and that the general impression among those who have heard of him is of a neo-romantic, rather decadent, dramatist. It is hoped that this article, with the translations contained in it, may serve to bring out another and truer view of the poet.

Judged by bulk, the lyrics of Hofmannsthal might well be neglected in a survey of his writings as a whole. He has to his credit some seven or eight long plays, a dozen short plays, and two volumes of prose studies. Against these we can set only a small volume entitled "Die Gedichte," which contains but twenty-three lyrics, the rest of the book consisting of a short play, a dramatic idyll, and several prologues written for special occasions. But as the short plays excel the longer in concentrated art, so the lyrics excel both. Out of this mere handful the most general German anthologies take some three or four poems. In a collection of 536 poems, covering a period of 700 years, "The Oxford Book of German Verse" includes three examples of Hofmannsthal. "Die Ernte," a similar anthology, published in Germany, gives him four pages out of 466. This is no mean proportion for a living poet born so late as 1874. Besides, the level of thought and technic is so maintained throughout the small body of lyrics that (with one exception) the critic is hard put to it to decide which are the best. An entire school of younger poets is imitating Hofmannsthal, as art students may be seen copying the few authentic Giorgiones, Bellinis, or Vermeers.

I.

Hofmannsthal, with Stefan George and Rainer Maria Rilke, started a powerful reaction against the rather crude naturalism of German literature in the nineties. Favored as to birth and means, the young Viennese was ideally fitted to pursue abstract truth and abstract beauty in art. None the less, the suddenness of his development is astonishing. At the age of eighteen, when he first began to publish, he already had command of a style so mature, so finished and dignified, that critics did not hesitate to pronounce him the greatest master of form since Goethe. With so precocious a beginning it is not altogether surprising that Hofmannsthal's work has shown almost no progress. His lyrics come early in his career, and in this respect form an interesting analogy with Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel," which was written by him in its first form at the age of nineteen.

He differs from Rossetti in that he gives more general pictures, producing effects much like those of music, whereas Rossetti delights in sharply drawn detail. A typical example of his art is found in the poem "Erlebnis":

AN EXPERIENCE.

The valley with a silver-grayish mist
Of twilight was o'erbrimmed, as when the moon
Filters through clouds. And yet it was not night.
With silver-grayish mist of yon dark valley
My twilight-shimmering thoughts were overflooded;
Softly I sank into the shifting depths
Of that transparent sea—and left this life.
What wondrous flowers bloomed about me there,
With darkly glowing chalices!—dim thickets
Transfused with streams of reddish-yellow light,
Warm as a glowing topaz. And the vale
Was filled with deep, vibrating harmony
Of melancholy music. Then I knew—
Though how, I comprehend not—yet I knew
That this was Death; Death was transformed to music,
Mightily yearning, sweet, and darkly glowing
Wrought of deep melancholy.

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Yet—most strange!—
A homesickness for life within my soul
Was weeping silently, was weeping there
As one may weep when on a towering ship,
That drives into the west with giant sails
Across the dark-blue waves, he passes by
The city of his birth. He sees before him
The streets, he hears the fountains gush, he breathes
The scent of lilac-bushes; on the bank
He sees himself, a child, with childish eyes
Anxious and almost weeping; sees a light
Through the wide window burning in his room.—
But the relentless vessel bears him on,
Silently speeding o'er the dark-blue waves,
With giant sails of yellow, strangely shaped.

The artful blending of the theme, Death, with the glowing picture and the rich music of the verse, should be apparent here even in a translation. We should not in fact speak of blending, where the poem is so entirely an organic unit. The poet himself deprecates the use of the terms "inward" and "outward" with reference to art and life, because to him (as to Oscar Wilde) they express no real distinction.

Hofmannsthal told the present writer that he wrote for but five hundred people in Europe. It is true that, whether for good or for bad, his work is usually in a plane apart from the common emotions of humanity. One or two poems, however, are in the popular vein, as the following:

THE TWO.

She bore a goblet in her hand;
—Her cheek and mouth were like its rim—
So sure her foot to go or stand
That not a drop o'ersprang the brim.

As light and firm, too, was *his* hand;
His fiery mount but fresh from pasture
Stopped quivering at the quick command
Of one impulsive, careless gesture.

Yet it befell that when his hand
Would take from hers the drink unwasted,
The feat for both was overmuch;
For both so trembled at the touch,
That fingers failed, and on the sand
The precious wine rolled down untasted.

In the more elaborate poem, "Interdependence" ("Manche freilich . . .") his imagination symbolizes the nexus between all things in the universe—whether known as past or present, spiritual or material:

From the weariness of forgotten peoples
Vainly would I liberate mine eyelids,
Or would keep my startled soul at distance
From the silent fall of far-off planets.

Hofmannsthal's aloofness from actuality will be emphasized by comparing the foregoing passage with Browning's exposition of unconscious influence in "Pippa Passes." In the former the treatment is purely one of symbolized philosophy; in the latter it is practical and personal.

II.

It has been asserted that Hofmannsthal gets all his knowledge of life from books and museums. This statement is exaggerated, but certainly the poet likes to survey the turmoil of existence from an academic vantage point. His interest in human nature appears to be wholly artistic and speculative; he examines and then seeks at once to generalize in composition and simplify in detail, like the designer of a stained-glass window. His interest in a given personality is only for the purpose of arriving at some philosophical or psychological conclusion. The result is impressive, both intellectually and æsthetically, but cannot be dissociated by the reader from a feeling of monotony and oppression, as if he were shut up in a dim and beautiful temple without free access of air. The typical melancholy of the pantheist pervades us here even more than it does in the poetry of Matthew Arnold.

Hofmannsthal's most important assumption has been taken complete from the philosophy of Giordano Bruno. Bruno's hypothesis pictures the soul of man as standing midway between the divine intelligence and the world of external things. It is immortal because it partakes of the divine existence. Its highest function is to contemplate the divine unity which is discoverable in the manifold appearances of earthly objects. So in Hofmannsthal's most remarkable poem:

A DREAM OF THE HIGHER MAGIC.

Far kinglier than a chain of pearls doth seem,
And bold as morning-misted ocean blue,
Such—as methought then—was the mighty dream.

The doors were wide to every wind that flew—
In a pavilion close to earth I slept,
And through the many doors the breezes blew.—

And first a troop of bridled horses swept
Before my bed, and hounds, too, in a pack.
But with a sudden gesture the Adept—

That Greatest, First Magician—drew me back
Unto a wall, between the which and me
Swayed his proud head, the long hair kingly black.

And straight no wall behind him seemed to be:
But cliffs and darkling ocean did uprear
Behind his hand, and meadows fair to see.

He bent him down and drew the Deep more near.
He bent him lower, and along the ground
His fingers played as though it water were.

But the clear drops, to opals large and round
Changing within his hands, in many a ring
Were spilled again to earth, with tuneful sound.

Then to the nearest cliff, with easy swing
O' the loins—as in sheer pride—so light he rose
His body seemed to me a weightless thing.

But in his eyes was ever the repose
Of sleeping, and yet living, jewel-spheres.
He sat, and spoke a master-word to those

Old days we think long buried in the years,
And they returned, with saddened glory great:
Which raised his heart to laughter and to tears.

Dreamingly he had part in all men's fate,
As in his limbs he felt his vital force.
He knew no far or near, no small or great.

All life he shared in its tremendous course;
When Earth deep down grew cold with secret pang,
Darkness thronged outward from its central source,

Or night thrust forth the tepid airs that hang
On treetops—he rejoiced so drunkenly
That like a lion over cliffs he sprang.

. . . . . .

Our soul's a cherub, and of lordly birth—
Dwells not in us, but in some upper star
Fixes his throne and leaves us oft in dearth.

Yet deep in us his fiery motions are:
—So in the dream I seemed to understand—
He holds communion with yon fires afar,
And lives in me as I do in my hand.

We may here take it that the Adept is none other than man's soul (or, as Blake would have said, imagination), the supposedly eternal power that comes into the human mind and performs all manner of marvels, overleaping the material boundaries of time and space. This "Greatest Magician," or (as he is later called) "Cherub," is the medium of communication between Divinity and Mortality. He may be analyzed after the Hegelian fashion into the antithetical concepts of spirit and matter, with the understanding that these two are in reality indivisibly united. As to the æsthetic value of the poem, the reader will naturally form his own conclusions. It may be noted, however, that the verse form, terza rima, is peculiarly suited to the complex, close-woven quality of the thought.

Even the simplest lyrics of the "Gedichte" have a quality of impersonality which reflects the philosophic mind. Take the following graceful "Song":

My mistress said: "I hold thee not,
No promise hast thou sworn.
The sons of men should not be bound,
To faith they are not born.

"Then go what way thou wilt, my friend,
Beholding many a land,
And rest thyself in many a bed,
Take many a woman's hand.

"If bitter liquors please thee not,
Drink thou the malmsey wine;
And seem all other lips less sweet,
Then come thou back to mine."

One division in the "Gedichte," entitled "Gestalten," presents such various human figures as the Emperor of China, a child, a ship's cook, and several interacting characters at a modern social entertainment. All of these we are made to understand by looking at them intently from the poet's point of vantage, but here again the interest is intellectual and remote. Hofmannsthal is altogether a highly special literary phenomenon. To most people he will mean very little, but to a select few he will give exceptional pleasure, if they go to him, as they would to strange music or rich allegorical paintings, willing to yield, but not for long, to his exotic spell.

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Correspondence

THE IRISH EXECUTIONS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: You had so clearly and aptly characterized the cruel folly of the English Government in putting its Irish prisoners to death that at first it seemed to me nothing was left for your readers but to assent to your wise and just words. Now it seems to me that they ought not to assent tacitly, but that each of them has a duty to speak out in approval of what you have said.

Nothing more lamentable in the course of the war now raging has come to pass than this act of bloody vengeance by the English Government. Vengeance, mere vengeance, it is, for it testifies solely to the power of England, to the often wrong of her hard hand against her good heart. It would appear that in the hundred years which have elapsed since the hanging of Emmet England has really learned nothing in the right treatment of Ireland, where, in spite of so many centuries of conquest, those who struggle against England's power cannot be traitors, cannot be rebels, as the men of Ulster lately were in their defiance of the Home Rule measures brought to bear in the British Parliament upon the Irish situation. This was the golden hour for the sort of justice which we misname mercy, this was the moment, not, indeed, wholly to forget the violent madness of the Irish rising, but, above everything, not to overmatch it with the madness of English resentment. The shooting of the Irish insurrectionists is too much like the shooting of prisoners of war, too much like taking a leaf from the German classic of Schrecklichkeit; and in giving way to her vengeance England has roused the moral sense of mankind against her. What a pity, what an infinite pity! She has left us who loved her cause in the war against despotism without another word to say for her until we have first spoken our abhorrence of her inexorable legality in dealing with her Irish prisoners. William Dean Howells.

New York, May 12.

THE COLONEL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: After reading in the current issue of the *Nation* the peevish and supercilious review of Colonel Roosevelt's latest book, I am tempted (as I dare say a large proportion of your small but select number of readers have been many times tempted) to ask you to explain to us the nature of the grudge that you nurse against the author.

I note that you label Mr. Amory's letter in the same issue "In Defence of the Colonel." My communication is not in his defence: I write it because I regard your constant sneers and petty fault-finding, in season and out of season, as an insult to my intelligence. J. W. Rankin.

Columbia, Mo., May 12.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have just been reading your editorial entitled "The Republican Turning Point," in the May 4 number of the *Nation*. I am, in consequence, led to inquire why Col. Roosevelt seems always to constitute to the *Nation* what the proverbial red rag is supposed to constitute to the bull. In my humble judgment the *Nation* loses all sense of restraint in language when Roosevelt is the subject, and, as a result, almost invariably weakens its case. Will you pardon me, as one of your own kindred though not of your nationality, for adding that I should during this past year have enjoyed seeing the *Nation* exercising some portion of its critical powers upon so fruitful a subject as the diplomacy of Mr. Woodrow Wilson? But of course we remember, some of us with amusement, that for that particular theme are reserved all the graces of your rhetoric and the charm of your eloquence.

William Hardy Alexander.

The University of Alberta, May 10.

THE NEW YORK POSTMASTERSHIP.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have read with a great deal of interest your editorial in this week's issue of the *Nation*, under the caption "The President's Sop to Tammany," and have noted the fact that you did not mention one point which, if it does not justify the President in his appointment of Senator Wagner to the New York Postmastership, is at least an important consideration. I refer to the custom known as "Senatorial courtesy." It seems to me that the attention of the public should be called more and more to the evil which has developed under this vicious practice of the Senators standing together in defiance of the desires of the President and practically forcing him to make appointments, in many instances, of which no sensible man would approve. Reference was made to the fact that Mr. Cleveland reappointed a Republican Postmaster. It seems to me that this analogy will hardly hold, for the simple reason that Cleveland, a Democrat, had to deal with a Republican Congress. I do not wish to be thought defending President Wilson's action, but it does seem to me that the difficulties under which the President labors with our present system of appointment should be brought more clearly into the foreground. A deep, impartial analysis of the situation might reveal that either the Senate must suffer a change of heart in its attitude towards appointment to subordinate Federal offices or it must in the end be deprived of its constitutional power of ratification of these appointments. F. B. C.

State College, Pa., April 27.

MR. FLEXNER'S "MODERN SCHOOL."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Every one who has a genuine interest in the progress of our country should be grateful to Mr. Abraham Flexner for his pamphlet entitled "A Modern School," published recently by the General Education Board. He has brought forcibly to our attention the question whether our educational system is based more upon tradition than upon an unprejudiced consideration of present needs, and he demands that in this matter, as in all others, tradition be called upon to show cause why it should not be discarded. This is not an unreasonable demand to make upon tradition. The traditional system is already on the ground: if it is really valuable, there must be in our experience evidence to support it. And, after all, what we want to know is not whether something was useful to our ancestors, but whether it is useful now to us. I for one agree with Mr. Flexner in this without reservation, and I accept as fundamental the proposition which he states on page 9, that in an educational system suited to our time "the curriculum would contain only what can be shown to serve a purpose." As he says further: "The burden of proof would be on the subject, not on those who stand ready to eliminate it." Only let us all try to be consistent, and agree that the burden of proof should rest upon any new subject or method proposed, as well as upon those already in use.

The favorable impression made by this pamphlet at first sight is not, however, confirmed by a careful examination of its premises and its argument. There is one proposition, fundamental to much of Mr. Flexner's argument, which seems to me obviously unsound. It is first stated somewhat guardedly on page 8: "'Training the mind' in the sense in which the claim is thus made for algebra or ancient languages is an assumption none too well founded." On page 15 it is expressed more positively: "'Mental discipline' as a formal object is not a 'realistic' argument, since, as has been already said, it is an unproved assumption." Finally, on page 18, it is stated quite baldly: "Mental discipline is not a real purpose." Not a real purpose of education? Why, mental discipline is the chief purpose of education: Mr. Flexner cannot mean that. He must mean that the supposition that algebra, for example, or the classics train the mind is not a valid argument for the retention of these subjects in a modern curriculum, because it is not proven that they do train the mind.

There, I think, is the gist of the matter. It is asserted by some that mathematics train the mind in concentration and abstract reasoning, the classics in the analysis of thought and lucidity of expression. Do they? And if so, do they do this as well as or better than other and perhaps less odious subjects? Proof, of course, in the form of conclusive demonstration, is not to be expected or demanded: if it were, probably *no* subject could be retained in or admitted into the new curriculum. The only kind of evidence possible is the opinion of those who have had an opportunity of comparing persons who have had a training in these subjects with others who have not. Such opinions, of course, are likely to be somewhat subjective and untrustworthy. People of exceptional ability with a poor training are sometimes more successful than those of inferior ability with a good training. Still, we shall have to depend upon opinions in deciding this question. There is a plenty of such evidence, if it can be called evidence. A good deal has been published lately, for example, in the "University Bulletin," University of Michigan, X, 21 (1909), in the *Classical Weekly* of New York, and in other periodicals. It might be well for the General Education Board to collect testimony on the subject and cross-examine the witnesses. I am quite ready to offer some testimony myself. I am by profession a teacher of Greek; but last summer I undertook to teach elementary algebra to a boy of fourteen. I found his troubles in algebra were the same as those he met in dealing with the affairs of his daily life, in taking photographs and developing them, or in anything else. His greatest difficulty was in excluding irrelevant details and in concentrating his mind upon abstract prob-

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lems; and I became convinced from actual experience that the best way to help him overcome this difficulty was by making him apply his attention to algebraic problems. I did not find that the modern algebra consisted chiefly of principles and formulas to be committed to memory and then applied mechanically, as Mr. Flexner asserts. Many pages of our book presented a series of problems, each of which required a certain amount of original thinking. The problems were exceedingly simple: all but the essential elements were excluded in each case, and the boy was compelled to apply his mind to the solution of a problem for which he had been sufficiently prepared, but which required his individual effort. The progress which he made during the summer in the ability to *think* seemed to me to justify abundantly the means used to develop this invaluable capacity.

But what sort of evidence has Mr. Flexner produced to show that any other studies could give this training of the mind in abstract thinking? None whatever; yet if no evidence is produced, then, according to the principles which Mr. Flexner himself has laid down, such other studies should not be admitted into the curriculum of the "Modern School," at least for this purpose. And that training of this sort is necessary in a "modern" school Mr. Flexner himself admits, for he says on p. 10: "Abstract thinking has, perhaps, never before played so important a part in life as in this materialistic and scientific world of ours—this world of railroads, automobiles, wireless telegraphy, and international relationships. Our problems involve indeed concrete data and present themselves in concrete forms; but back of the concrete details lie difficult and involved intellectual processes." If it were true that the abstract problems which arise, for example, in the study of the sciences could be isolated and presented in sufficiently simple form to younger minds, perhaps then it would be possible to train students in abstract thinking in connection with these sciences; but it is not. The abstract problems in science are far too complicated for young students, and when one of the sciences, such as biology, physics, or chemistry, is presented as at least in part a series of abstract problems, or when it is sought through the study of one of these sciences to train the minds of the students in abstract reasoning, such a study is just as uncongenial to the students as mathematics. Actual experience has shown that most students, as soon as they have passed beyond the simple observational stage in the study of any of the sciences, lose interest in this study and seek to avoid it. The reason why mathematics or the inflected languages are odious and uncongenial to students is because it is odious and uncongenial for them to reason about abstract things, to think precisely or to express themselves clearly; but these are the very things it is most desirable that they should learn to do.

Mr. Flexner asserts that mathematics and the classics cannot be successful as a training for the mind because, as these subjects are now taught, so little success is achieved by students in mastering them: that is as if one should say that gymnastics or athletic games have no value as training for the body because so few achieve real success in gymnastics or athletics.

There is another principle stated by Mr. Flexner with which I do not agree. He says on p. 13: "Languages have no value in themselves; they exist solely for the purpose of communicating ideas and abbreviating our thought and action processes. If studied, they are valuable only in as far as they are practically mastered—not otherwise." If only those things were worth study which are valuable in themselves and not merely as means to some end, there would be very little in the world to be studied. Even the sciences are not valuable in themselves, but as means by which we may understand and utilize the material universe in which we live. Many believe, in the first place, that the study of languages is the best means for training the human mind, not only in the clear expression of its thought, but also in the processes of logical analysis, and for this purpose I believe it is easy to prove that languages which are more radically different from our own than the modern languages are to be preferred, and that inflected languages are more useful than the uninflected. But quite apart from this disparaged training of the mind, the study of languages is also a necessary means to the appreciation of the literatures produced in them. And this end, the appreciation of foreign literatures, does not depend for its attainment upon a practical mastery of the languages themselves. However desirable it may be to speak or write a foreign language, proficiency of this sort is not necessary in order to obtain a desirable acquaintance with its literature. A person may have a very fair appreciation of the Sanskrit or the French literature without the least ability to speak or write these languages. It is not even necessary to read a language fluently in order to know something worth while about its literary monuments, or about the genius of the people who expressed themselves in it.

None the less, I am heartily in sympathy with Mr. Flexner in the warfare which he has declared upon those subjects which are taught because the teaching of them is traditional to us, or because we have not sufficient training or machinery for teaching other things in their place. I have no objection to raise to that which Mr. Flexner says on page 9: "The extent to which the history and literature of the past are utilized depends not on what we call historic value of this or that performance or classic, but on its actual pertinency to genuine need, interest, or capacity." Many of the facts and statements which form the bulk of our traditional histories, the lists of kings and dynasties, the wars and changes of boundaries or governments, have little or no value to the modern person. But I submit that there are many facts about the life of the ancient Greeks and Romans, far too much neglected in our common textbooks, which are of much more importance to modern persons than the history of Europe even as late as the sixteenth or seventeenth century. Moreover, in the history of these ancient peoples problems which affect most intimately our modern life may be studied in their simplest form, isolated from many of the complications which in modern states obscure the fundamental principles and issues involved.

It is also true that many of the monuments of literature in our own and in other languages, however important they may have been at one time, and however justly regarded as standards of excellence to their generations, have lost their value to us. But there is in this matter a very deep and serious problem, which needs to be examined far more thoroughly than it has been in Mr. Flexner's pamphlet. It is: what constitutes proper standards for modern persons, and how far should young students be forced to contemplate such standards against their inclination and beyond their power of comprehension. Certainly the same tests should be applied to modern as to the ancient standards. Perhaps this problem appears in its simplest form when we inquire what standard productions of our own literature should be brought to the attention of school children or college students. Undoubtedly many of those works which tradition has certified as standard are really standard no longer. Undoubtedly there are many literary productions much more modern and incomparably more congenial to modern students, and at least equally serviceable as models. But it seems to me equally clear that the choice of standards and methods should not depend wholly upon the tastes or inclinations of the students: otherwise at the end of their education they might be found with precisely those tastes and inclinations with which they began their course and no others, and then one of the chief purposes of their education would have been neglected. Moreover, it is necessary to ask in this connection whether, if certain monuments of literature which are not attractive to young students at their present age were not brought somewhat forcibly to their acquaintance, they would ever come in contact with them.

Finally, there is one other matter involved in Mr. Flexner's pamphlet which demands the most earnest consideration from us all. On p. 8 he says: "The man educated in the modern sense will be trained to know, to care about, and to understand the world he lives in, both the physical and the social world." But the physical and the social world together do not comprise all the world in which we live. There is also the world of ideas and ideals. And in this practical age, especially among so successful and success-worshipping a people as ours, there is the greatest need to make special provision in our system of education that the younger generation shall know and care about and understand this third world also. For this purpose it is most desirable that the modern curriculum should include some studies which have no direct bearing upon practical affairs, but deal directly with the things of the spirit.

Certainly education in this country is far from being as successful as it could and should be. This is partly due to our traditional curriculum and methods. But it is also due, in no small degree, to the inefficiency of our teachers as a class. And this in turn is due to the impossibility of procuring many teachers of sufficient intellectual ability and adequate training, who will forego the remunerations offered by other occupations for the miserable salaries they receive as teachers, salaries on which it is hardly possible to exist. If all teachers possessed those high qualifications necessary for training the minds as well as the memories of their pupils, there would be less cause for complaint of our present system. Without such qualifications in the teachers themselves, the "Modern School" proposed by Mr. Flexner would tend towards still greater superficiality in American education.

WILLIAM K. PRENTICE.

Princeton University, May 10.

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Literature

JULIA WARD HOWE.

Julia Ward Howe, 1819-1910. By Laura E. Richards and Maud Howe Elliott, assisted by Florence Howe Hall. Two volumes, with portraits and illustrations. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $4 net.

Students of heredity cannot fail to be interested in what this biography tells them of the forebears of so characterful a person as Mrs. Howe. Her first known paternal ancestor was John Ward, a cavalry officer under Cromwell, who left England for this country after the Restoration; a son of his married a granddaughter of Roger Williams, and they had a son who became Governor of Rhode Island. The Governor's son filled the same office in his turn, and distinguished himself as the only Colonial Governor who refused to enforce the Stamp Act; he also sat in the Continental Congress that framed the Declaration of Independence, though a fatal attack of smallpox prevented his signing it. A son of this man became a colonel in the Revolution, and was mentioned by Gen. Washington in a letter as seeming "a sensible, well-informed young man." He married a beautiful kinswoman of Gen. Greene who had been greatly admired by Benjamin Franklin, and had received from him, in the course of an entertaining correspondence, the homely advice: "Go constantly to meeting or to church—till you get a good husband; then stay at home and nurse the children and live like a Christian." The colonel had a son who became a merchant, and one of the merchant's sons became a leading banker in New York city, and in due course the father of Julia Ward. Through another line of descent she was a great-great-niece of Gen. Francis Marion.

Equally interesting is the account of the environment and influences of Mrs. Howe's childhood. She was born in New York in 1819, when Bond Street, where her father lived for some time, was the upper end of the city. Her mother died at the age of twenty-seven, having been ten years married and borne seven children. Julia was then barely four years old. The little ones lived thereafter with their father and a maternal aunt who superintended their education faithfully. Julia spent the earliest years under private governesses and tutors, who taught her French; while her father, who was a devout religionist of a rather gloomy turn, took care that her thoughts should be directed towards eternal things. So impressed was she with his solemn teachings that we find her, at eight, writing to her cousin Henry, two years older, who was suffering from some childish ailment: "I hear with regret that you are sick, and it is as necessary as ever that you should trust in God; love Him, dear Henry, and you will see Death approaching with joy." Though much more followed of similarly cheerful tenor, it will comfort the reader to learn that Henry survived this admonition by about fifty years.

At nine, Julia was sent to a school where, placed in a class with other girls, she used to commit to memory long passages from Paley's "Moral Philosophy," acquired a working knowledge of Italian in part from listening to others recite, and became profoundly interested in "Pilgrim's Progress." It was at this time that she wrote her first drama, the title and even the subject of which were long ago forgotten. At twelve, however, she presented her father with a manuscript volume of

POEMS.
Dedicated to
Samuel Ward, Esq.
By His
Affectionate Daughter.
Julia Ward.

The atmosphere of grim piety that had surrounded her so long doubtless accounts for the titles of some of these essays in verse: "All Things Shall Pass Away," "We Return No More," "To An Infant's Departing Spirit," and "My Heavenly Home." The ultra-spiritual mood revealed in these verses doubtless proved its own antidote, for three years later she brought forth

VAIN REGRETS

Written on Looking Over a Diary Kept While I Was Under Serious Impressions:

Oh! happy days, gone, never to return
At which fond memory will ever burn,
Oh, joyous hours, with peace and gladness blest,
When hope and joy dwelt in this care-worn breast!

This was at the ripe age of fifteen.

Her father, albeit most affectionate in his disposition towards his children, was a good deal of a disciplinarian. When Julia, weary with long riding in the family coach, let her knees drop apart to rest them, his rebuke was: "My daughter, if you cannot sit like a lady, we will stop at the next tailor's and have you measured for a pair of pantaloons." And her remark at table that the cheese was strong drew forth the reminder: "It is no more so than the expression, Miss." All the little girls appear to have been under severe restrictions as to exposing themselves to the weather. Even when they went out to play they were clad in cambric dresses and kid slippers, which meant that they could not romp quite at will, and in the country Julia had to wear a thick green worsted veil to preserve her complexion from freckles. Such an overprotective regimen might well account for their chronic tendency to colds and sore throats, and when ill they must have been subjected to heroic medical treatment. The aunt who took care of them was married to a physician of the old school. When the whooping-cough spread through the family, the young folk would pledge each other every morning to strangle rather than cough while their doctor-uncle was within hearing, as the slightest sound from any one of them provoked an order from him for an administration of medicine all around. How expansive a part the pharmacopœia played generally in their domestic government may be guessed from the fact that, when some funeral preparations for a family servant were about to be made, which their aunt feared they might be saddened by witnessing, she headed off such a catastrophe by giving the whole brood a dose of physic and putting them to bed for the day.

Julia must have been a very little girl when she first found out that she had red hair and that red hair was not in popular favor, for the discovery was made through overhearing the condolences offered her mother by visitors at their house. One day, curious to see for herself what it all meant, she climbed up on a dressing-table to look at herself in the mirror, and seemed sadly disappointed that anything so trifling as her image should have created so great a commotion. As she grew older her hair acquired a golden over-tone which was much admired.

At an age when other girls were enjoying a good deal of social freedom, Mr. Ward kept his daughters confined to a sort of conventual life. Their evenings were spent mostly at home with books, needlework, and music, varied by an occasional lecture or concert, or a visit to the house of a relative. "I seemed to myself," wrote Julia in later years, "like a young damsel of olden times, shut up within an enchanted castle. And I must say that my dear father, with all his noble generosity and overweening affection, sometimes appeared to me as my jailer." He did not allow her to dance at parties outside of her own home, and refused to permit one of her brother's friends, though a most exemplary young person, to be invited to the house, "because he belonged to the fashionable world."

She was sheltered even from such contact with society as might result from attendance at a finishing school, and was carefully trained by masters who came to the house to direct her studies. As usual, nature had its way in spite of paternal vigilance, and the masters, young and old, fell in love with her, as did also a young harpist who came sometimes to assist at an evening of music, and who had to be dismissed for his indiscretion. Indeed, a family friend of that period, speaking of Julia and her sisters to the authors of the present work, summed up the matter thus: "Louisa had her admirers, and Annie had hers; but when the men saw your mother, they just flopped!" Julia obviously was not averse to these tributes, and, while unable to reciprocate in kind, regarded the unhappy swains with "a tender and compassionate sympathy." It was not till she was twenty-three that she met her fate in the person of Dr. Samuel G. Howe, of Boston.

He was nineteen years her senior, and already a celebrity. He had won his first fame as a "fighting surgeon" in the Greek struggle for independence, had collected in America a shipload of provisions and clothing for the women and children im-

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poverished by the war, and had founded a colony where half-naked peasants were turned into farmers. On his return home he had been made director of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, and accomplished the seeming miracle of teaching language to Laura Bridgman, the blind deaf mute who was the Helen Keller of her day. In fact, he plunged into all manner of philanthropic work with a vigor which caused his friends to dub him "the Chevalier." Miss Ward's first glimpse of him was during a vacation visit to Boston, when, in company with her friend, Charles Sumner, she called to inspect the Perkins Institution. Mr. Sumner, glancing out of the window, exclaimed: "Oh! Here comes Howe on his black horse!" And looking out also, she "beheld a noble rider on a noble steed."

Something more vital than her old compassion must have moved her when the noble rider came — figuratively — galloping after her; for Howe appears to have been as valiant in love as he had been in every other field, and swept all before him. "The Chevalier is very impertinent," she wrote to her brother Samuel; "speaks of two or three months when I speak of two or three years, and seems determined to have his own way; but, dear Bunny, the Chevalier's way will be a very charming way, and is henceforth to be mine." The brief engagement was followed by the simplest of weddings, and four days later the Chevalier and his bride sailed for Europe.

In the account of their life abroad, drawn chiefly from Mrs. Howe's letters home, we catch intimate glimpses of the notable persons with whom they were brought into contact, among others Carlyle and Dickens, Rogers and Moore and Wordsworth, Landseer and Daniel O'Connell and Florence Nightingale, Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Norton, and Richard Monckton Milnes. The cordiality with which Pope Gregory XVI welcomed them in Rome was in pleasing contrast with the churlishness of the King of Prussia, who, having once imprisoned Howe for befriending certain Polish refugees, still regarded him as a dangerous character and forbade him the kingdom. In Rome their first child was born, and named Julia Romana.

On coming back to Boston Mrs. Howe was faced with the necessity of learning how to keep house, an art in which she had never before taken either interest or instruction. The Doctor liked to have his old friends drop in once a week for dinner, and she would have to prepare for these festivities by long agonizing over Catherine Beecher's cook-book. On one occasion she was brought to the verge of tears by the non-arrival of the ice-cream which she had ordered from a confectioner for dessert, only to discover it the next morning in a snowbank near the back door, where a stupid messenger had dumped it without notice. But, as a counterpoise to these troubles, she records her joy in driving a clever bargain with an itinerant soap-fat man who gave her a quantity of the manufactured product in exchange for her collection of raw material, and in bartering the contents of her rag-bag for utensils brought to her kitchen by a tin-peddler.

The charming simplicity with which the whole story of Mrs. Howe's career is told in these volumes, some passages lighted with flashes of humor and others veiled with a tender reserve, cannot be conveyed by any paraphrase of the text. Limitations of space, moreover, warn us against even attempting an outline chronology. But it is out of the question to pass over the incident which has made Mrs. Howe famous wherever the history of the American Civil War is known: her composition of the Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Visiting Washington in the autumn of 1861, full of a desire to help the Union cause in some way, yet unable to find a practical outlet for her patriotic energy, she was returning with a few friends from a review of troops, when her carriage was delayed and surrounded by the marching regiments, and to beguile the tedium she and her companions fell to singing the war-songs so familiar at that time. When they struck up "John Brown's Body Lies a-Mouldering in the Grave," the soldiers were delighted, shouting, "Good for you'" and joining in the chorus as they marched to its splendid swing. James Freeman Clarke, who was with her, asked Mrs. Howe why she couldn't write some worthy words to so stirring a tune. The question set her thinking, and during a wakeful hour before dawn the next morning the opening phrase came to her:

> Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.

As she lay still in bed, line after line followed, stanza after stanza swept through her mind with the rhythm of marching feet, pauseless, resistless. At the climax she sprang from her bed, groped for pen and paper, and in the gray twilight scrawled the first draft of what played for the loyalists in the Civil War a part as memorable as Tom Paine's lyrics played for the half-despairing patriots of the Revolution.

CURRENT FICTION.

Green Mansions. By W. H. Hudson. New York: A. A. Knopf.

This story is not the work of William Henry Hudson, the critic and lecturer, but is written by a little-known novelist, who is primarily a student and lover of nature. In the writer's tranquil notations, as in the quaint old-worldliness of his style and approach, there is something alien to our age. Yet Galsworthy and Ford Madox Hueffer testify that his is the finest spirit now expressing itself in English. As a writer of fiction, Mr. Hudson is now recalled to American attention by this volume, a republication of the first edition of 1904. It is, as its sub-title indicates, "a romance of the tropical forest." An enthusiastic introduction by Galsworthy prepares one for the exceptional handling of the story, which is simply the old exotic theme of the wanderer among savage tribes who falls in love with a mysterious daughter of the woods. In the present case, the scene is laid in Venezuela and the ending is tragic.

The actual narrative power of the writer is not great, or rather he seems to pass with insouciance over dramatic opportunities in order to expand and enforce what he deems more needful. Concentrating on the call of nature and the natural life, he has charged his story with an atmosphere and his reflections with an expressive beauty that are rare. That unity of tone in which Flaubert is almost the only adept among novelists is here sustained almost throughout; it is reinforced by the removal of everything unrelated to the chief characters and their environment. Europe and North America might as well not exist. There is no hint of city life, scarcely any breath, even, from other books and minds. There is only the immensity of South America, "names of mountains that affect us like the names of gods," wild waste savannas in the heart of which lies the small circle of this dream and this tragedy. The spirit of the whole book is that of absolute remoteness from modern practical life. It has a style of its own, compacted of a quaint simplicity and a great sense of beauty.

One side of Mr. Hudson's talent suggests nothing so much as Watts-Dunton's "Aylwin," another is clearly in the tradition of "Paul and Virginia" and "Atala." But his manner is original. His work is surely fine enough, whether or not it is strong enough, to swim above the present turbid current. Like Conrad, he may come slowly to his own, perpetuating the "beautiful temperament" upon which his literary brethren love to dwell.

Her Husband's Purse. By Helen R. Martin. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

In this story the writer contrives a singularly unlovely picture of her Pennsylvania Dutch people. The Leitzels of New Munich are monsters of greed, narrowness, and stinginess, but they appear to be not much worse than their neighbors. To set them off by contrast, the author introduces among them a girl of generous Southern blood, who has married the unspeakable Daniel for a "home." The home turns out to be infested with maiden sisters of the most repulsive type. Daniel, though strongly attracted to his Margaret in a physical way, has really married her for her fancied wealth. When he finds that she has none (a man of his sort would certainly have made sure before marriage) he puts her on a minute allowance, and expects her to obey him in all particulars. As he has been trained at the Harvard Law School, and is said to have the appearance of a gentleman, it is odd that he should make no attempt to hide his meanness and his contemptible moral code from the woman he really, in his way,

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loves. In truth, he is a caricature of the stage niggard, an utterly unreal bogey of a man; and it is impossible to retain sympathy for a heroine who could endure him for a minute. This one, although she does not love him, and despises all his ways, appears not to shrink from his caresses. Her chance acquisition of "economic independence" alone puts an end to her fruitless attempts to unloose the shifty Daniel's purse-strings. The author cannot persuade us that even economic independence would reconcile such a woman as we are asked to believe in to the prospect of bearing children to such a man. For he remains totally unreformed and unenlightened to the end.

The Shadow Riders. By Isabel Paterson. New York: John Lane Co.

Why is it that the most Thackerayan novels nowadays seem to be written by women? A few years ago there was Mrs. Watts's "Nathan Burke," in which we seemed to hear at times the very accent of Thackeray. Now comes Miss Paterson with what appears to be a first novel in which the influence of Thackeray is hardly less evident, though one can scarcely say that there is conscious imitation of the master. It sounds a trifle odd, however, to hear a (presumably) young woman novelist complaining: "The power of convention can so nearly obliterate stubborn fact that a historian of human nature is at an immense disadvantage in making any 'Portrait of a Young Man.' For all polite purposes the Queen of Spain still has no legs." One cannot help suspecting that an American or Canadian lady who makes this remark is basing it rather upon the great convention of Fielding and Thackeray than upon "stubborn fact" which she has observed. But Miss Paterson has chosen good masters and has profited by her study of them. In shrewdness and tolerant cynicism, is not this worthy of the author of "Pendennis"? "Perhaps it is that secret sense of guilt in common makes for the solidarity of men as a sex; they are all outlaws together. Only women have ever been classifiable into the sheep and the goats. Give them the saving sense of being sinners in common, and they, too, will be comradely."

The publishers are right, we believe, in saying that the setting of this story has not previously been exploited in fiction. The scene is one of the raw, fast-growing towns in Alberta, unnamed in the novel—perhaps Calgary or Lethbridge. The time is two or three years ago; we hear of the outbreak of the war at the conclusion of the narrative. The early Western conditions have almost disappeared, but society has not settled down into permanent form. In this chaotic social group we get intimately acquainted with four people. Lesley Johns, a young girl of a pioneer family, poor, clever, and ambitious, works in a newspaper office. Eileen Conway, beautiful and cruelly wronged, has hardened at twenty into a kind of cynicism. Ross Whittemore is a representative of an older culture. Well born, talented, and rich, he has rejected every opportunity of taking an active part in life, because of a love affair in his youth which had a tragic ending. Barring a slight lack of scruple as to mixing business with politics, he is in his way as fine a gentleman as Colonel Newcome himself. His nephew, Chan Herrick, is a likable and wholesome youth, who has been sent to the West for his health, and who becomes Whittemore's business assistant. These central figures are admirably individualized; they are drawn with a sharpness of line and a finish which make them hard to forget. Behind and around them is the confusion of the mushroom Canadian town, with its wide-awake business opportunism, its political graft, its social chaos, and developing snobbery. The book is an excellent realistic study of varied types of character in the new West. The title, with its suggestion of romance, is somewhat misleading; a "shadow rider" is a cattleman who watches his own shadow as he rides the range. "Most of us," says Lesley Johns, "get most of our pleasure out of watching our shadows, one way or another." The style, as the quotations may suggest, is remarkable for vigor and point.

THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE.

Shakespeare's Theater. By Ashley H. Thorndike. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

During the last ten or fifteen years there has been a remarkable activity in the study of everything that pertains to the material side of the Elizabethan drama. Great numbers of documents that illustrate the history of the theatres and dramatic companies, the structure and usages of the public, "private," and court stages, the attempted governmental control of the theatres, etc., have been brought to light. Scholars in all the leading countries have made these new materials, to say nothing of the old, the basis of researches that have extended our knowledge of the matters in question far beyond the limits it had reached at the end of the last century. The results of these researches, however, have been embodied in widely scattered forms—dissertations, articles in technical reviews, the publications of learned societies, etc.—so that only a relatively small number of specialists have been able to keep track of the literature of the subject. Professor Thorndike has accordingly performed a notable service to all students of the English drama in preparing this excellent digest of what is known in regard to the Elizabethan theatres, the actors and their principal organizations, the dramatists, and the audiences of the time. The author is himself, of course, one of our best known students of the Elizabethan drama, and some of the most valuable contributions to the discussions indicated above have appeared as theses of his department at Columbia University. In the many disputed questions with which the present treatise has to deal, his judgment will, consequently, carry an independent weight.

In his first chapter, on the historical position of the Elizabethan theatres, Professor Thorndike goes to the heart of the matter when he observes that the stage of the greatest period in the history of the English drama was "a transitional stage, half way between the mediæval and modern, partaking in some respects of the characteristics of each, but partaking also of the imperfections that come with the breaking from the old and beginning with the new"; and again: "The theatrical conditions were not only very different from those of to-day. They were also different from those which had obtained fifty years before his [*i. e.*, Shakespeare's] birth or from those which characterized the stage fifty years after his death." Thus, apart from Shakespeare, "his era is still one of extraordinary interest in the history of the stage."

With regard to the uses of the Elizabethan inner and outer stage, respectively, Professor Thorndike's views will receive the approval, no doubt, of the great majority of students of the subject. The latter was employed "as a sort of neutral, vaguely localized territory, where almost anything might happen." It was, accordingly, generally speaking, unpropertied. On the other hand, the inner stage was used "to denote locality more exactly, to employ properties more readily, and to indicate changes of scene more effectively." Progress in the direction of modern stage conditions consequently consisted in an ever clearer separation of the functions of these two divisions of the Elizabethan stage, and in the growth in importance of the inner stage. Finally, in the modern theatre, the old bare outer stage disappeared altogether, except for the space before the drop-curtain, which we still retain. There can be no question, however, that in Elizabethan days most of the acting took place on the outer stage.

In reference to some of the moot points of Elizabethan stage usage, we may note that Professor Thorndike regards the employment of signs to indicate locality as quite exceptional in the public theatres; on the other hand, he accepts the curtain (separating the inner from the outer stage) as a customary feature of these same stages. To the abundant evidence afforded by the plays themselves, we may add the following fine lines of Sir Walter Raleigh's, which ascribe as great a significance to curtains as they possess in theatres of our own time:

> The graves which hide us from the scorching sun
> Are like drawn curtains when the play is done.

The poem in which these lines occur was published in 1612, but they must represent an observation of a considerably earlier date, for Raleigh had been imprisoned in the Tower since 1603. Although granting the habitual use of curtains, Professor Thorndike rejects unhesitatingly the so-called alternation theory, which has "exalted the change or alternation of scenes from

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outer to inner stage into a fixed procedure of staging." Indeed, as the author remarks, the advocates of this untenable theory have gone even further and made the supposed alternation "a principle of dramatic composition and imagined the dramatists constructing their plays as series of alternating inner and outer scenes." There was, of course, an alternation of scenes between the inner and outer stages, although not according to the rigorous system just mentioned, but differing from play to play, and the author illustrates the practice by a clear analysis of Marston's "What You Will" and Shakespeare's "Cymbeline"—also of the third and fourth acts of "Antony and Cleopatra," which, in consequence of the bewildering frequency with which the scene is shifted, offers peculiar difficulties of staging from the modern point of view.

The chief omission which we observe in Professor Thorndike's discussion of the public and private theatres concerns the use of music and song on the Elizabethan stage and the related question of intermissions between acts. In the private theatres, inter-act music was a matter of no slight importance in the general entertainment, and Prof. T. S. Graves has cited good evidence to prove that, contrary to the common assumption, intermissions between acts were usual in the public theatres also.

The chapters on the court theatre in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I, respectively, are as satisfactory as those on the other theatres of the period. As Professor Thorndike remarks, "From 1580 on [*i. e.*, from the time the first regular playhouses were established] performances by amateurs become negligible in the history of the stage," the principal amateur performances, of course, being those given at court. It is easy, then, to exaggerate the influence of the court stage on the public stages during the greatest period of our drama, although it did have a certain effect by encouraging richer decorations in the latter. Similarly, Professor Thorndike implicitly rejects Wallace's ill-founded theory that the Elizabethan drama, generally, took its rise in the court drama of the Tudors.

The discussion of Governmental Regulation which follows on the above-mentioned chapters requires no especial comment. In the main, it embodies the results of Miss Gildersleeve's excellent thesis, which was prepared under Professor Thorndike's direction. The author presents next a condensed history of the chief dramatic companies of the period. Apart from condensation, this chapter supplements and corrects, on the basis of documents published latterly by Wallace and others, the accounts of these companies which are contained in the larger works of Fleay and Murray. The last three chapters of the work, on The Dramatists, Actors and Acting, and The Audience, are likely to prove the most generally interesting part of the book. Despite all that has been written on these subjects, it seems to us that Professor Thorndike, in these pages, has given us the truest picture we have of the conditions under which Shakespeare and his fellows composed their plays, of the characteristics of the histrionic art of the age, and of the distinctive qualities and outlook of the audiences they addressed. The last subject, especially, offers a problem of great complexity.

The volume concludes with two appendices and an index. The first appendix makes available what has been badly needed in the discussion of Elizabethan stage arrangements, viz., a list of stage directions illustrating the use of the curtains and the inner stage in plays acted in 1576-1642. These directions are, of course, drawn exclusively from the original editions. The second appendix consists of very useful classified lists of the more important and more recent publications relating to the various subjects which the author has dealt with in this treatise.

We note, page 334, that Wallace's "Evolution of the English Drama" is twice cited erroneously as "Development [of the English drama]." It is strange, moreover, that a professor of English should fall into the vulgar error of employing *data* as a singular.

A TURNING POINT IN HISTORY.

The Place of the Reign of Edward II in English History. By T. F. Tout. Publications of the University of Manchester. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50 net.

Professor Tout believes that the reign of Edward II marks a turning point in the constitutional and administrative history of England of the importance of which even the great Stubbs was not sufficiently aware. Though Stubbs did more for the history of Edward II than any other scholar that ever lived, he was too exclusively occupied with the Parliamentary struggle and with the Anjevin origins of the constitution to appreciate fully the actual detailed working of the later administrative machinery under the Edwards. Following him, we have been accustomed to glorify Edward I as the organizer of Parliament and the founder of constitutional freedom. But, as Professor Tout points out, Edward I had no more conscious intention of taking the people into permanent partnership with himself than did Philip the Fair in France. If Edward I had been a younger man or had been succeeded by a less worthless son, it is easy to imagine a history of England in which Edward I appeared as the English Philip the Fair—the organizer of despotism, not the pioneer of a free Constitution. Edward II's reign was a turning point just because it was so weak and ineffective that it made permanent what his father had begun, and thus led to that differentiation between English and French history, which did not exist under Edward I, but which was already clearly evident under Edward III.

Edward II's reign was even more of a turning point in the development of the administrative machinery of government. For, as Professor Tout is the first to emphasize, the office of the Wardrobe had by that time become of great importance. Though the Chancery, Exchequer, and Law Courts had branched off from the *curia regis*, the Wardrobe had remained an undifferentiated department of the royal household which assumed vast importance. Its clerks were the King's confidential intimates and secretaries. They were not a mere fortuitous aggregation of disconnected and incompetent courtiers, but a solidly organized political group with traditions of government and power. It was through them that Edward II was often able to resist in fact what he appeared in name to yield during baronial attempts at reform. No sharp line was drawn as yet between the business of the King's Household and that of the nation—between the domestic service of the court and the public service of the state. The Wardrobe clerk, after a busy day of inspecting the meat, sampling the beer, listing the jewels, punishing or promoting the King's cooks, valets, and ushers, went straight to occupy himself with the financial, military, or foreign affairs of the kingdom. Professor Tout traces also the growth, beside the Wardrobe, of the offices of the Privy Seal, the Secret Seal, the Signet, and the later secretaryships of state.

In addition to this new light on the administrative machinery, the author has some notable chapters on Edward II's relations with the Pope and neighboring princes and on the origin of that great English economic institution known as the Staple. In an appendix he prints a list of Edward II's officials and two interesting "household ordinances" describing how they were to behave and what they were to do.

Notes

"Marooned in the Forest," by Alpheus Hyatt Verrill, is announced for publication this week by Harper & Brothers.

Thomas Y. Crowell Company announces for early publication "The Life of Heinrich Conried," by Montrose J. Moses; "Mastering the Books of the Bible," by Robert A. Armstrong; "Reflections of a Cornfield Philosopher," by E. W. Helms, and "A Last Memory of Robert Louis Stevenson," by Charlotte Eaton.

Prof. George Lyman Kittredge's tercentenary address on Shakespeare is published this week by the Harvard University Press. Volumes announced for publication in June are "Personality in German Literature," by Kuno Francke, and "Genetics and Eugenics," by William E. Castle.

Mr. Stephen Leacock, author of "Essays and Literary Studies" (Lane; $1.25 net), has by his previous books familiarized readers with his particular talents—a rather pretty fancy, which is revealed by a tendency even in essays to drop into fiction; humor that

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can be sly and sudden, but more often depends for its effect upon the structure of farce; a good-natured irritation over the excesses of modernism, and a power of analysis which, though prompted by right instincts, seldom cuts very deep. To these may be added the charm of unreasoned enthusiasms. In his latest book he ranges over such topics as literature, education, modern morals, American humor, the woman question, and, for good measure, a rehabilitation of Charles II, the last being the subject of a hobby, maintained from school days. To our mind the most admirable essay in the volume is that in which the author, talking on fiction and reality, defends Dickens from the cheap, though recurrent, charge of being the creator solely of caricatures. He does it by assembling a company of Dickens's more familiar characters and making them debate the question whether or not they themselves are true to life. The comfortable atmosphere of reality which Mr. Leacock conjures up by merely putting these good people through their motions, is of course the best possible refutation of the silly charge. In the essay on American Humour he himself qualifies as a humorist by not being able to say anything very enlightening on the subject: What humorist yet could explain the philosophy of his jokes?

Mr. Leacock exhibits much good sense in touching on education, and especially that of the secondary school, in which he has had experience as a master. Insisting that not one in a hundred of the teachers entering this sphere intends to continue in it, he asks:

> Who would wish to be treated by a doctor who was saving up money to become a ship captain? Who would put money in a railroad if it were known that the president and traffic manager and the rest of them were merely doing their work to get enough money to qualify to be opera singers?

He rightly believes that not enough attention is given to the exceptional student, what with all the care that is taken to raise the average of a class. In the chapter on The Devil and the Deep Sea the neat point is made that the premium which is put on the theory of evolution, whereby success has become the supreme touchstone, has deprived morality of real meaning. These essays may be recommended as pleasant reading for an off-hour.

Like the late Bishop Potter, of New York, his fellow-bishop, the first incumbent of the Diocese of Washington, the late Henry Yates Satterlee, began the organization and building of a cathedral church. Both the cathedrals, St. John the Divine and St. Peter and St. Paul, have, within their communion, a certain national prominence which is entitled to Bishop Satterlee's characterization, "supra-diocesan." This aspect of his career is emphasized in the long-expected biography by Dr. Charles H. Brent, Bishop of the Philippine Islands, which now appears under the title "A Master Builder" (Longmans Green; $4 net). The deserved appreciation of Dr. Satterlee's constructive ability, declared in the very title, has led the biographer to see the whole material in its light. His book evades the coolly selective and somewhat official reserve of Dean Hodges's recent biography of Bishop Potter, if it may not be said to include almost too much of personal fact, a commodity which may lose value with bulk. Yet here and there one comes upon a glimpse almost worthy, in point of picturesque, not, of course, eccentric quality, of Hawker, the Vicar of Morwenstow. A high churchman of warm evangelical sympathies, uncharitable to nothing under the sun except the Roman communion, in no sense a diplomat, but always accredited by a vigorously charismatic presence, massive, organ-toned, kindly, Bishop Satterlee is a difficult figure to define in a book founded so diligently on the written record of letters and journals. Dr. Brent observes the practice of letting the subject speak at almost every point for himself, on the prevalent theory that fidelity to fact is thereby best served. The portraiture is, in consequence, thorough, but the portrait is, perhaps, most sharply drawn in the little sketches based on occasional bits of reminiscence by third persons. Such, for instance, is the glimpse of the young rector of Calvary, newly introduced into a group of New York metropolitan clergy, rising modestly at the last moment of an executive meeting and reversing their vote on a matter of policy, by remarks beginning, "Brethren, you have overlooked a very important point in this discussion—you seem to have made no allowance for the power of the Holy Spirit."

Such, again, is the glimpse of the Bishop, when, surprised on his knees before an easel supporting the architect's drawing of the interior of the future church, he explained with no intention of metaphor, "I was saying my prayers in the Cathedral." That he took delight in the fourteenth-century English Gothic fabric, which the architects, the late George Frederick Bodley, of England, and Henry Vaughan, of Boston, have conceived in a temper of severely disciplined archæological tenderness, is made abundantly plain. He contrived, moreover, partly as a result of his ingrained sense of the value of symbol and its fitting occasion, to provide the cathedral with its altar, its fount, its cathedra, its ambon, before the walls had begun to rise. This came about through his alertness in taking advantage of every means to embody the general undertaking in some concrete detail. When, for example, the Archbishop of Canterbury came to this country in 1904 and Bishop Satterlee was planning to mark "for all time historically" his visit to the capital, he writes in his journal, "I then thought that when he came he could consecrate the Glastonbury cathedra; but that had been consecrated already!" All summer long he was looking for "an object which the Archbishop of Canterbury could consecrate," and was rewarded by a certain cross of latten brass only a fortnight before the primate's arrival. The suggestion of primacy attaching to the new diocese (it was carved out of the Diocese of Maryland in 1895), by reason of the national ranking of the capital city, impressed Bishop Satterlee from the first and colored his hopes for its future. He assumed the development of archbishoprics and confidently marked out his diocese as the see of a future metropolitan.

Prof. C. T. Winchester's "Wordsworth" belongs to the series of How-to-know-him volumes edited by Will D. Howe and published by Bobbs-Merrill ($1.25 net), and as such it really ought to be criticised. To the young or half-educated reader it will approve itself. The main facts of Wordsworth's life are given, the æsthetic and ethical qualities of his work are explained simply and for the most part soundly, a large amount of his poetry is quoted, including the complete text of such long pieces as "Michael" and the "Intimations"—in a word, as a *vade mecum* the book may be expected to boost many an ingenuous soul a step or two up the slopes of Parnassus. A hasty reading of it may repay even the more experienced pilgrim. But beyond this point commendation cannot well go. The plan of the work, scattering as it does these long draughts of quotation through the critical chapters, results almost necessarily in spinning the comment out to commonplace expositions of the obvious. And Professor Winchester, it must be admitted, has to answer for certain faults which cannot be charged to the general scheme of the series. He is occasionally careless in the statement of facts. It will sound incredible, but he has contrived to err in giving the dates of publication of "An Evening Walk" and "Descriptive Sketches" (pp. 31 and 34), and of "Lyrical Ballads" (p. 49). His account of Wordsworth's earlier years and connection with the French Revolution is inadequate even for a work professedly elementary, and in general his relation of Wordsworth to the whole romantic movement is superficial. Against these defects may be set the geniality of the writer, the pleasant ease of his style, his honesty, and the wholesomeness of his taste.

In "From Pillar to Post" (Century; $1.60 net), Mr. John Kendrick Bangs gives an amusing account of his experiences as a lecturer. His method is never subtle, and of this he is perfectly aware. Indeed, there is a passage in this book in which he cites a Chicago barber as having said the last word about his function. The chances of travel put the lecturer under the barber's hands for a second time, after a short interval:

> After a cordial greeting, he said:
> "Say—I told my wife how I'd fixed you up the other day, and *she'd heard of you before.* You wrote a book called 'Tea and Coffee' once, didn't cha?"
> "Something like that," I replied. "It was called 'Coffee and Repartee.'"
> "Well, anyhow, whatever the thing was called, she'd read it," said the barber.
> "I have met two other people who have done the same thing and lived; so don't worry," I observed.
> "Whaddyer suppose she ast me?" he queried.
> "I give it up," said I. "What?"
> "She ast me," said he, "was you so very comical, and I told her no, *he ain't so damned comical, but he's a hell of a kidder!*"

I may be wrong, but it has ever since seemed to me that there was a particularly nice distinction involved in this spontaneous estimate of my character, and it may be that a great many of our American humorists, so called, would be more aptly described as *kidders.* Our guying propensities, and the tongue-in-the-cheek style so prevalent to-day, suggest the thought anyhow that the term *kidder* is more discriminating than that of humorist, as signifying the qualities of a Cervantes, a Rabelais, a Swift, or a Mark Twain.

A just opinion, with the amendment that Mark Twain himself was often "kidder" rather than humorist. Mr. Bangs's narrative is anecdotic and mildly amusing—all that it tries to be.

Dr. Charles M. Thompson's "The Illinois Whigs before 1846," in the University of Illinois Studies in the Social Sciences, while only a part of a projected larger work on the history of the Whig party in Illinois, is an important addition to the as yet small list of definitive studies of State politics. The

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author traces with minute care, but in clear and readable fashion, the origin and early growth of the Illinois Whigs, and their attitude towards such State issues as the judiciary, internal improvements, the unsuccessful attempt to repudiate the anti-slavery restriction of the Ordinance of 1787, and the successive State campaigns of the period. Especially valuable is the account of the makeup of Jackson's following, the opposition to Van Buren, and the national campaigns of 1840 and 1844. One gains a new impression of the political and social revolution which attended the progress of Jacksonian Democracy, and of the varied interests, personal and sectional, which had to be harmonized in building up the Whig opposition. The narrative also throws light on the early political activities of Lincoln and the struggle with the Mormons. The anti-slavery controversies of 1830-1850 are reserved for later treatment. Dr. Thompson has made industrious use of Illinois newspapers and of important collections of manuscripts, and has drawn his election statistics, so far as possible, from the manuscript returns in the office of the Secretary of State rather than from printed sources.

In their Geographical and Industrial series Ginn & Co. have included a small, illustrated textbook on Asia, by Nellie B. Allen (80 cents). In view of the increasing interest in the East owing to the war an inductive sketch of Turkey's dependencies, of Persia, and of India should prove of value in the schoolroom. It would seem ungracious in so elementary a textbook to object to the lack of emphasis placed on politics and the political spheres of influence of the various Powers. But the Bagdad railway is mentioned without reference to German concessions, while Port Arthur suffers historical anonymity, doubtless because of its chronic internationalism. The present war has made such an emphasis necessary. While there is succinct reference to the Persian situation and the ambitions of England and Russia, yet the revolutions of China are unrecorded and the "Old Buddha" might still be reigning. This defect, however, is worth mentioning when we find that methods of government in the various countries described are sacrificed to a sort of breathless Cook's tour on the atlas. Events and facts like these are more or less vaguely familiar to the children of a newspaper-ridden nation, and an effort should have been made to drive them home. But the book covers its geography in a clear and satisfactory manner. The illustrations are well chosen, though it is unfortunate that the courtyard of a famous Delhi mosque should bear the caption, "Every Hindu wishes to worship in Benares." Where a style of architecture is so characteristic of race and creed there remains little else to emphasize as a means to recognition or association for child or adult. We wish the meaning of the word *fakir* had been explained in its original connotation: together with the mispronunciation of Delhi its misuse is fast becoming an American tradition. In fact, the author gives no aid to pronunciation whatever. In the spelling of proper names she leaves little to be desired, but we see no reason for the Germanic Mekka!

"Ethics in Service" (Yale University Press; $1) is the title which ex-President Taft has given to five lectures delivered on the Page Foundation, before the senior class of the Sheffield Scientific School, two years ago. While it is not inappropriate to the first two lectures, which are devoted to the history of the legal profession and to legal ethics, it cannot be deemed descriptive of those on the executive power and the signs of the times. Indeed, it is not easy to discover any line of thought running through and unifying the miscellaneous material which the distinguished author has collected in this little volume. That material is interesting, however, and it is presented in an attractive manner. The Sheffield seniors must have been entertained and instructed, and the larger audience to which the book appeals will find in its pages much wholesome doctrine. The lecture on the executive power is based largely on Mr. Taft's unusual experience in high office. It abounds in anecdote and personal reminiscence. It contains a persuasive argument for the extension of civil-service reform, and an earnest plea for decent treatment of the President. Not only college seniors, but men prominent in public life may well heed this advice: "Don't think it shows you to be a big man to criticise him or speak contemptuously of him. You may differ with his policy, but always maintain a profound respect for a man who represents the majesty and the sovereignty of the American people." Among "the signs of the times," which Mr. Taft views with anxiety, is the maudlin sentiment expended by many people upon the inmates of our prisons. "The penitentiary," in his opinion, "is a place for punishment and reformation. It is not a rest cure or a summer hotel." He adds, "I have no doubt that prison discipline can be improved; but changes based on the theory that convicted criminals are disguised heroes who only need an appeal to their honor and freedom from restraint to make them good citizens will have humiliating but perhaps instructive results."

The fortieth annual report of the American Bar Association contains an abundance of interesting material. If the ten thousand members would quadruple their numbers and all would make a careful study of the reports, discussions, and addresses embalmed in this volume, not only the legal profession, but every element of our citizenship would be benefited. It is by the various bar associations of this country that the most effective work is being done for law reform. If any one doubts this, let him examine the reports of but two of the committees contained in the volume before us: the Committee on Jurisprudence and Law Reform and that on Legislative Drafting, and read the wise address of Mr. Terry, president of the Conference on Uniform State Laws. Undoubtedly, the reader will not agree with everything which was said at the last meeting of the American Bar Association. It is to be hoped that he will not concur in the suggestion of a youthful reformer, that our law schools must be reorganized so as to become, like modern medical schools, "experiment stations for working out theories which the practitioner applies, tests, and corrects." But he cannot peruse the volume without having his faith quickened in the soundness of our legal system, and his confidence strengthened in the integrity of the legal profession.

An informing little volume, exhibiting German methods of "peaceful penetration" in Belgium before the war, has been written by M. Jules Claes, editor of the Antwerp journal, *La Métropole*, under the appropriate title "The German Mole" (Macmillan Co.; $1 net). A good deal of what M. Claes here tells us has now become common knowledge, but it is well to have it brought together in concise form. Antwerp, in particular, had of late years become almost a German city, so completely were its government, its press, its business, and its society dominated by Germans, many of whom had become naturalized Belgians. The most amazing thing is the frankness of the propaganda carried on by these persons, of which a notorious instance was the subscription by Germans of Antwerp to the Kaiser's War Fund in 1913, and the appeal issued on that occasion. The author describes the methods by which German clerks, subsidized by an association at Hamburg, would insinuate themselves at low salaries in Belgian businesses for the purpose of discovering their secrets and stealing their customers; he shows the hand of Pan-Germanism in fostering strife between Fleming and Walloon, and in an interesting chapter on Premeditation he cites a number of curious facts that tend to show that German business men in Belgium received due warning of what was to come. As the book is written by a Belgian, a certain amount of vindictiveness in expression may readily be excused.

"Eleftherios Venizelos: His Life and Work" (Dutton; $1.25), translated from the Greek of Dr. C. Kerofilas by Beatrice Barstow, is a well-informed and well-written sketch of the Bismarck of the Balkans. The author is a journalist who knows M. Venizelos personally, and rightly has for him a great admiration. He gives many anecdotes showing his political shrewdness, love of truth, frankness, and ardent patriotism for a Greater Greece. He pictures M. Venizelos in his Cretan home rising steadily by his genius for work and power of persuasion until he became the acknowledged leader of the insurrectionary party in Crete, and was able to defy the great Powers acting in behalf of the Turk. Passing to Athens, the Cretan insurrectionary speedily became Prime Minister in 1910, and carried through the extraordinary series of internal reforms which regenerated the corrupt country and made Greece ready to play a winning part in the Balkan wars of 1912-13. Dr. Kerofilas claims for M. Venizelos the credit of organizing the famous Balkan Alliance, but he does not substantiate his claim with any convincing proof. He does make clear, however, the Prime Minister's unusual diplomatic ability in the difficult negotiations by which Kavala was secured to Hellenism at the Peace of Bucharest. Readers will welcome the publication of the two statesmanlike memoranda of January, 1915, in which M. Venizelos tried to persuade King Constantine to seize the unique opportunity of adding to the Hellenic Kingdom 800,000 Greeks in Asia Minor by giving up 25,000 in the recently acquired Kavala district. But, unfortunately for Greece and for the Entente Allies, counter-influences, and the King's inability to appreciate his Minister's shrewd grasp of the situation, led to the latter's resignation. Dr. Kerofilas's excellent little biography reaches only to August, 1915. This was the moment when new elections, overwhelmingly in his favor, brought M. Venizelos back to power; but he soon retired again, because the King would not follow his advice.

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Science

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

The annual meeting of the National Academy of Sciences was held at Washington on April 17, 18, and 19, and was distinguished by an unusually large attendance of over sixty members and by a programme of about thirty-five papers, well distributed among the different sciences.

S. J. Meltzer, of the Rockefeller Institute, in a paper on "Permeability of Endothelia," undertook to explain the method by which the blood, although flowing in closed vessels, is enabled to introduce liquid into the tissues. It was at first thought that the difference between the intra and extra vascular pressures was a sufficient reason; later osmotic pressure and electro-chemical differences were invoked. The doctrine of vitalism assumes that processes exist which are not explained by physics and chemistry, and that there is a difference between physical and physiological permeability. Dr. Meltzer, however, like most physiologists, believes that chemistry and physics are sufficient to explain all processes in the living body. He assumes that the surfaces of the capillary endothelia are supplied with ultramicroscopic pores, provided with mechanism like that which dilates the pupil of the eye. As the pupil contracts under the influence of light, so these pores contract under the influence of certain substances. Certain solvents can thus pass through, but molecules of the dissolved substance cause contraction, and are in this way sifted out.

Jacques Loeb, of the Rockefeller Institute, reported on an examination of "The Sex of a Parthenogenetic Frog," showing a frog one year old, which was perfectly normal, even in intelligence, although the product of an artificially fertilized egg. All frogs begin as females, and only later develop into males, so that it is difficult to determine the sex unless they can be kept alive for some considerable time. Several parthenogenetic frogs have now been kept alive for a year, and one that was recently killed was found to contain well-developed spermatozoa, confirming the view that all such frogs are males.

E. B. Wilson, of Columbia University, in a paper on "The Distribution of Chondriosomes to the Spermatozoa in Scorpions," demonstrated the behavior of these bodies, which with the chromosomes are supposed to represent the physical mechanism of hereditary transmission. The chromosomes, which belong to the nucleus of the cell, are distributed to the germ-cells by a process of division into equal parts—whether this is true of the chondriosomes, which belong to the protoplasm, is not known.

A feature of decided interest in the programme was a Symposium on the Exploration of the Pacific, arranged by W. M. Davis, of Harvard University, participated in by twelve contributors representing as many phases of the subject. Mr. Davis, in introducing the subject, deplored the lack of information with regard to the Pacific, instancing the insufficiency of former observations on unconformity. Large areas must now be explored, continuously for ten or twenty years. Mr. Davis was put at the head of a committee to report a plan for such an extensive exploration. Mr. J. F. Hayford, of Northwestern University, emphasized the importance of observations of gravity at sea in the Pacific, and showed how our knowledge of geodesy and geology can be extended by such observations. These observations of gravity afford the most accurate means that we have of determining the amount of flattening of the terrestrial spheroid. Also the theory of isostasy, or compensation of variation of height by difference of density, is to be obtained in the same way. The observations must be made far from continents, so that the Pacific is far better than the Atlantic for the purpose. Besides this, it has several troughs over 8,000 metres deep, parallel to the continental land elevations, furnishing an incomparable opportunity for studying the variations of gravity.

A means of obtaining an approximation to the accuracy demanded by Hayford was described by L. J. Briggs, of the Bureau of Plant Industry, in a paper on "A New Method of Determining Gravity at Sea." Since the usual accurate method of observing the time of swing of a pendulum cannot be used at sea, it must be replaced by a static method. In Briggs's apparatus, the weight of mercury in a sort of barometer is counterbalanced by the elasticity of a gas contained in a constant volume, and maintained at constant temperature by immersion in an ice-bath, thus having always the same spring. The originality of the new apparatus consists in the mercury being contained in a zig-zag glass tube of sufficient flexibility to admit of being stretched enough to lengthen the mercury column as needed to balance the spring when gravity is smaller.

C. Schuchert, of Yale University, treated "The Problem of Continental Fracturing and Diastrophism in Oceanica." The abysses of the ocean contain little paleozoic life, and the ocean has evidently been refilled since the triassic age. Geologists now believe that the earth periodically shrinks, the continents rise, and the ocean bottom subsides. The continents then break down at the edges, where the stress is greatest.

J. P. Iddings, of the Smithsonian Institution, described "The Petrological Problems of the Pacific." The study of the igneous rocks afforded by the occurrence of the many volcanic islands scattered through the Pacific furnishes material evidence of the composition of the lithosphere, and of its variations in different parts of the ocean. Besides this, the study of the density of the rocks will furnish us information with regard to the question of isostasy.

G. W. Littlehales, of the U. S. Hydrographic Office, described "The Extent of Knowledge of the Oceanography of the Pacific," presenting the manuscript sheets of the United States Bathymetrical Chart, containing all the authentic deep-sea soundings, and showing in a striking manner the limitations of our knowledge of the configuration beyond the continental shoulder. In the North Pacific there is a tract twice as large as the United States which has been crossed only by a single line of soundings 250 miles apart, and there are a number of regions as large as the United States that are entirely unsounded.

C. F. Marvin, Chief of the U. S. Weather Bureau, treated of "Marine Meteorology and the General Circulation of the Atmosphere," and showed the practical as well as theoretical importance of observations made on the oceans.

W. H. Dall, of the U. S. National Museum, in a paper on "The Distribution of Pacific Invertebrates," pointed out that in order to ascertain the distribution of land and water in former times it is necessary to examine the distribution of marine invertebrates today. Many of the islands of the Pacific have about them a fringe of fossiliferous rock of the tertiary age, and before a satisfactory discussion of these can be had it is necessary to examine the local faunas of the present. Passing from fauna to flora, D. H. Campbell, of Leland Stanford University, dealt with "Problems of the Pacific Floras," showing how the Hawaiian Islands offer the best opportunity for the study of plant forms, being the most isolated portion of land in existence. The question arises whether there is in new areas of volcanic origin some new agency for the development of plants, and it would be interesting to have observations on the re-establishment of floras in regions devastated by eruptions.

J. W. Fewkes, of the Bureau of American Ethnology, treated "The Pacific as a Field for Anthropological Investigation." One of the most interesting questions arising is the relation of the inhabitants of the Pacific to the American Indians.

After the symposium on the Pacific, the regular programme was resumed. C. R. Stockard, of Cornell University Medical College, reported on "Hereditary Transmission of Defects Resulting from Alcoholism," the material experimented upon being guinea-pigs treated with alcohol by inhalation, which disturbs the digestive processes less than the administration of alcohol in the food. Several generations were examined, all possible combinations of parents among normal and alcoholized being made and the results carefully tabulated. It was evident that there was a large increase of mortality due to alcoholism, and especially that various deformities, such as loss of the eyes, were prevalent and likely to be inherited among the alcoholic individuals.

W. B. Cannon, of Harvard University, presented "Recent Observations on the Activity of some Glands of Internal Secretion," a continuation of his recent work on the effects of the emotions, such as fear and rage, which constitute a common language for man and animals. During these emotions, the contractions of certain glands pass secretions into the blood-stream. Thus the adrenal gland is capable of producing all the effects that are seen in times of emotional stress. The application of excited blood to an intestinal strip produces perfectly definite reactions due to adrenalin. The same secretion also produces a recovery from fatigue, and influences clotting of the blood.

On Tuesday the papers were mostly from the physical sciences. George E. Hale, of the Mt. Wilson Solar Observatory, presented several papers by himself and his co-workers on "Some Recent Results of Solar Research," with some remarkable photographs of the solar atmosphere made with the spectroheliograph, and of the solar spectrum showing the displacement of lines made by the magnetic effect of the vortices in sunspots, also photographs showing the electrical effect upon spectrum lines in the case of hydrogen and lithium. One of the most surprising results was that of W. S. Adams, who uses an empirical relation between the intensities of different lines in the spectrum of a star to determine its absolute brightness,

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and thus by comparison with its apparent brightness, to determine its distance away.

R. W. Wood, of Johns Hopkins University, showed photographs of the moon, Saturn, and Jupiter, taken in invisible light of three wave-lengths, ultra-violet, yellow, and infra-red, which were then combined by a three-color process, giving interesting colored photographs, not as these bodies really look, but as they would look if their light vibrations were slowed down into the visible radiations.

C. G. Abbot and L. B. Aldrich, of the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory, presented the pyranometer, an instrument for the measurement of sky radiation, the radiation reaching the observer from all parts of the sky. The radiation is measured by falling on a thin strip of manganin, which it heats, the heat being compared by a thermo-element with a known amount of heat produced in the strip by a measured electrical current. The instrument can also measure the radiation towards the sky at night.

G. C. Comstock, of the University of Wisconsin, in a paper on "Invisible Companions of Binary Stars," suggested a method for the detection of such companions as cannot be found by the displacement of spectroscopic lines by examining the areal velocity of the double star, which, if disturbed from a constant value, indicates the existence of a third body.

C. R. Van Hise, of the University of Wisconsin, communicated the report of the Committee upon the Panama Slides, which was appointed last autumn at the request of President Wilson, and was composed of thirteen persons, nine of whom, including six members of the Academy, visited the Isthmus and studied the geology and physics involved. The slides are due to the inability of the earth or rock to support the weight of overlying material. Much of the material is soft and weak and broken by joints. The penetration of water in the heavy rainfall is a potent cause of weakness, and if this water could be excluded the danger of slides could be greatly decreased. None of the slides are due to earthquakes. About nine million cubic yards will have to be removed, and some sliding will probably continue for a number of years, though in decreasing amounts. As remedial measures are suggested the covering of the slopes with vegetation, closing peripheral cracks, draining of undisturbed and threatened areas, and drainage of the great slides.

H. F. Reid, of Johns Hopkins University, followed with a paper on "The Mechanics of the Panama Slides," in which he showed the distribution of stresses in the hills considered as elastic and plastic bodies, so that the usual theory of angle of repose is insufficient to explain the sliding.

Theodore Lyman, of Harvard University, in a paper on "The Present State of Knowledge of the Extreme Ultra-Violet," showed how he had carried the spectrum far beyond any other observer, by employing a grating, and placing the whole apparatus, including the source of radiation and the photographic plate, inside an exhausted tube, thus diminishing the absorption so that the very short wave-lengths could be photographed.

R. A. Millikan, in a paper on "A Redetermination of e and N," explained an increase in the accuracy of the method of determining the charge on the electron by the drop method, by an improvement in the determination of viscosity, and the employment of drops of several fluids falling in different gases, the results of which agreed in a remarkable manner, confirming Millikan's previous result for this fundamental electrical constant.

J. W. Fewkes described "Recent Exploration of the Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado," showing an astonishingly well-preserved ruin of considerable size of a type differing from the cliff dwellings near by. Features uncovered show that it was undoubtedly connected with worship of the sun.

Erwin F. Smith, of the Bureau of Plant Industry, although time did not remain for the presentation of his paper, showed a number of extremely interesting slides of cancer in animals and plants, demonstrating what is indicated by the title of his paper: "Further Evidence on the Nature of Crown Gall and Cancer, and that Cancer in Plants Offers Strong Presumptive Evidence both of the Parasitic Origin and of the Essential Unity of the Various Forms of Cancer in Man and Animals."

At the dinner of the Academy on Tuesday evening the medal for eminence in the application of science to the public welfare was presented to Gifford Pinchot for his work in connection with the conservation of natural resources, and to Cleveland Abbe for his work in connection with the foundation of the U. S. Weather Bureau. The Watson medal for astronomical research was presented to Armin O. Leuschner, of the University of California, for his work in the computation of the orbits of the twenty-two Watson asteroids.

The two William Ellery Hale lectures were delivered to a crowded auditory in the National Museum by Henry Fairfield Osborn, president of the American Museum of Natural History, on "The Origin and Evolution of Life on the Earth." ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.

Drama and Music

CLYDE FITCH.

Plays by Clyde Fitch. Edited, with an Introduction, by Montrose J. Moses and Virginia Gerson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. In four volumes. $1.50 net each.

In the first year of his career as dramatist, 1890, Clyde Fitch produced three plays, one of them being the noted "Beau Brummell." They were followed in the nineteen years succeeding by thirty others, in which Mr. Fitch displayed a variety of talent comparable with tnat of any of his contemporary playwrights in Europe. His work, in fact, connects easily with the output of Sir A. W. Pinero, by whom he was somewhat influenced. More than any other American he represented the English attitude towards both the public and the stage itself. In days, especially towards the end of his career, when writers with no particular knowledge of theatrical art were coming forward with sporadic successes, there was never any doubt that Fitch was a professional playwright who could be counted upon, like Pinero or Jones, for a business-like product. He was exceedingly adroit in his use of stage devices, and he knew his audience. If some of his efforts resulted in merely potboilers, Fitch retained to the end a pretty faculty for invention, which, though not of the sort that thoroughly re-creates, at least contributes an imaginative surface glow to the subject-matter. In only one play, "The City," produced after his death, did he yield to a fashion of the day, which, with pretensions to realism, turned its back on traditional standards and made a mere spectacle of contemporary vices.

It is odd that Mr. Fitch should have virtually begun his career with so successful a play as "Beau Brummell." The fact bespeaks both his ready talent and, almost as important, the healthy state of the drama in those days. The time was not yet when a writer presumed to make his début by trying to solve one of the pressing social or political problems. Clyde Fitch began, as almost every sound playwright had begun, by experimenting with a well-known type of character. The choice was especially fortunate for him. For to depict a bankrupt dandy who could silence creditors by being seen in the company of fashionable friends made demands upon the kind of ingenuity which Mr. Fitch had first indulged as a writer of stories. The play is not quite pure farce, that is, dependent almost solely upon situation; it is farce comedy, a vehicle which allows much freedom to invention while inviting something more than a superficial shading of character. Whatever success was to be achieved with it had to be got through conventional channels. By contrast with the usual dramatist of to-day, Mr. Fitch, except only in "The City," appears to have been singularly free from modern ambitions. From problems, in the sense of urgent, country-wide issue, he turned aside. To abstract themes, such as Truth and Jealousy, he was not averse. But in general it was the human being, of whatever stripe, that most attracted him. In a word, he was a normal product of a sound tradition.

If Mr. Fitch never produced anything of nearly first-rate importance, it was partly owing to a too flexible talent. From the start he was rather too expert in adjusting himself to the qualifications of the actor whom he had in mind for a given part. So he wrote "Beau Brummell" for Richard Mansfield, yielded a point here and there in order to fit the heroine of "Truth" to Clara Bloodgood, and so on through a list which includes Julia Marlowe, Ethel Barrymore, Mary Mannering, Maxine Elliott, and Amelia Bingham. The fault served at least to keep his characters human. For him, also, the limitations of stage properties were not the hindrance they are to most writers; they only stimulated him to display his cunning, which sometimes degenerated into the trickster's art.

Yet even if he had been less a virtuoso, Clyde Fitch would not have attained to anything like first rank. His philosophy lacked depth. With considerable ability to isolate his specimen—notably in "Truth"—he never had his eyes so steadily on a character that he was not willing to interrupt the flow of a given mood by a bit of melodrama. In a play so acclaimed as "The Climbers" there is the following absurd

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incident: Sterling, having criminally mismanaged his wife's estate and become a forger, is about to run off to Canada. But a friend of the wife, getting wind of it, is determined to delay the flight until after train-time. So he has a servant announce that Sterling's little boy is very ill—this, though the boy himself has been on the stage but a short time before. Then there is this dialogue:

Sterling [*moved*]. My boy ill—why, I can't—I can't——

Warden. Can't what?

Sterling. How can I go away?

Warden. Surely you won't let business take you away from your boy who may be dying.

May be dying? Why? Mr. Fitch's plays contain more of these incongruous transitions than might be supposed.

Shallow philosophy, translated into terms of the stage, spells melodrama, and in that medium Mr. Fitch was much at home. He had the right flourish for it, as he clearly showed in "Beau Brummell," "Barbara Frietchie," and "Nathan Hale." He kept pace easily with the subtle surprises which substantial melodrama requires, and he had a good sense of plot. Yet the temptation to turn to more realistic work must have been great, if only because of his talent for dialogue. Especially when dealing with the foibles of fashionable society, he not infrequently appears to furnish a transcript from life, while in reality he is merely furthering the action of the play. Thus the opening scene of "The Woman in the Case" is as clever a reproduction of the twitter of frivolous girls as one will find. If his thought, his psychology, had been profounder, one might have made out for him a fair case for greatness. Such qualifications as he possessed—a facile imagination, which subdued itself easily to the requirements of the stage, well-modulated dialogue, and enough versatility to work in several historical periods, and in as many social spheres—were no mean equipment.

Students of the drama will be grateful to the editors of this edition for putting at their disposal twelve plays representative of Fitch's varied activity. An interesting feature of the volume is the inclusion of the original casts, as well as of casts assembled for important revivals. The introduction is valuable in setting forth the more personal side of Clyde Fitch's life.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

The production of "The Merchant of Venice" which Sir Herbert Tree is giving in the New Amsterdam Theatre is an ornate and interesting spectacle, but embodies little of the spirit, poetry, or power of Shakespeare. It is an incident of theatrical, not dramatic, importance. Apart from the trappings, and a certain laborious but not always admirable minuteness of detail it does not greatly excel some local performances of comparatively recent date; in no respect, artistic or histrionic, is it comparable with the epoch-making representation of Henry Irving and his London Lyceum company. In that the acting was worthy of the superb framework in which it was set, and the imagination and dramatic values of the play were largely realized in the combination. In this case the ingenuity of the stage manager is exploited at the expense of the poet. That Sir Herbert is one of the cleverest stage managers of his time, as well as an exceedingly versatile and capable player, is a fact beyond dispute, but he is not a first-rate tragedian. His resources are not equal to the conception or the portrayal of the intensest emotions or passions. His surface manifestations do not suggest any upheaval of the depths.

In his portrayal of Shylock his varied abilities and his rigid limitations are clearly demonstrated. It is an elaborate, artificial, picturesque, and—which is a positive merit—consistent impersonation—exhibiting notable faculties of minute observation and mimicry, and occasionally very happy in little strokes of satiric humor or plausible hypocrisy, but in the main commonplace, tricky, melodramatic, and unimpressive. In one respect, as an example of the impotence of sheer realism, untouched by the saving grace of fancy, it is, or should be, peculiarly instructive and profitable to some of our modern theatrical theorists. The unfortunate impression of insincerity, not to say charlatanism, conveyed in some of the most moving crises of the drama—as, for instance, in the first meeting of Shylock and Antonio; in the various interpolated processions and interludes (all purely spectacular); in the parting of Shylock from Jessica; in the rending of garments and pouring of ashes business and the general arrangement of the trial scene, with Shylock alone in the limelight, his upsetting of the money-bags, his frantic rush upon his intended victim, and his exit into a furious mob—is directly traceable to the very devices which were designed to insure the illusion of actuality. The new business introduced is not, perhaps, in itself inappropriate—often shows readiness of invention—but much of it is trivial, superfluous, and dilatory. The representation runs smoothly enough, and is full of movement, but is deficient in impetus, in the glow of romance and the thrill of vital passion. For all its vivid pantomimic suggestion of greed, cunning, malignant hate, and forlorn despair, Sir Herbert's Jew is neither direful nor pathetic. It is a piece of intricate, crafty, but soulless mechanism. Unfortunately there is little in the way of compensatory inspiration to be found among his associates, the majority of whom are hopelessly ineloquent. Lyn Harding, an honorable exception, is a dignified, well-spoken, but not very sympathetic Antonio; young Mr. Beerbohm acquits himself fairly well as the Prince of Morocco; Julian L'Estrange is a moderately good Bassanio, and the Duke of Venice becomes his position, but of the rest of the cast not much that is favorable can be said. To most of them the true quality of the text was an insoluble mystery. The Portia of Miss Elsie Ferguson, very fair to look upon, was the work of a Shakespearean novice, utterly undistinguished in manner and diction. The Gobbos, sire and son, and Gratiano were wholly unenlightened and dull, while the Nerissa and Jessica were neither good nor bad. Doubtless Sir Herbert did as best he could with the material at his disposal, but it is safe to say that his reputation as the manager of His Majesty's Theatre, in London, was not built upon the foundation of such ordinary achievements as this.

J. R. T.

The famous American prima donna Clara Louise Kellogg, who died on May 13 at New Hartford, Conn., was of Northern extraction, though born at Sumterville, S. C. (in July, 1842). In 1856 the family moved to New York, where she got her musical education. Five years later she made her first public appearance at the Academy of Music as Gilda in "Rigoletto," without much success. But she persevered in her studies, and soon became a favorite, in England as well as in America. Her début in London was made in 1867, as Marguerite in "Faust," in which part she achieved particular fame. She also achieved great distinction as a concert singer. She sang in Italian opera till 1874, in which year she organized an English opera company. Her repertory included about forty operas, among them "Poliuto," "Rigoletto," "Sonnambula," "Lucia," "Linda," "Traviata," "La Figlia del Reggimento," "Un Ballo in Maschera," "L'Etoile du Nord," "Don Giovanni" (both Zerlina and Donna Anna), "Puritani," "Marta," "Crispino," "Roberto," "Le Nozze di Figaro," "La Gazza Ladra," "Il Barbiere," "Faust," "Fra Diavolo," "Les Noces de Jeannette," "Trovatore," "Carnival of Venice," "Pipelée," "Don Pasquale," "Mignon," "Talisman," "Lily of Killarney," "Bohemian Girl," "Fying Dutchman," "Aïda," "Huguenot," "Carmen," and "Lohengrin." In 1887 Miss Kellogg married her manager, Carl Strakosch, and retired from the stage. Her memoirs were published a few years ago.

Art

MR. MATHER AS CRITIC.

Estimates in Art. By Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

Mr. Mather is no partisan. This fact augments greatly the confidence we may place in the stability and genuine worth of his deductions. Moreover, the artists of whom he writes have already established claims to greatness. His aim is to justify and modify such claims by bringing clearly within our ken the peculiar and especial contributions to art made by certain men of quite different times and widely varying talents. His impartial scrutiny includes art of the Orient and the Occident; paintings of our time and of a day long past. And it is a matter of congratulation that he often selects for interpretative comment artists who perplex even while they fascinate; artists that fame has suddenly and capriciously remembered after years of utter neglect.

His criticism of one and all is not sentimental, after the manner of Pater, nor scientific in any Morellian fashion, but is a happy combination of poetic feeling, catholic taste, and practical, clear-headed judgment. The article on Vermeer, for example, is ample proof of the existence and exercise of these qualities. He senses there the lyric gift of the artist, his chivalric attitude towards women—in strong contrast to the material or cynical treatment accorded them by other seventeenth-cen-

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tury Dutch artists—and also appreciates keenly the blond beauty of color-planes accurately placed, and the characteristic forms of composition and lighting which are elements of this painter's art. Or, if we are seeking pure poetic understanding of an artist, Mr. Mather's vision of Botticelli's mystic realm is an excellent example. And for sturdy independence of judgment nothing is more significant than his rating of Sorolla's art.

The general theory of this writer's criticism is that the critic should take into account what the artist has to say, how he says it, and likewise why he was moved to create, to express himself as he did. As he puts it, "The aim of criticism is always to reconstitute a superior personality." Accordingly, he analyzes with varying emphasis the technique, the purpose, the emotions, and the reaction to environment of the artists he would reveal to our understanding. As he follows these clues in one way and another, striving to estimate each man's value to the world through his art, his book becomes a treasure-trove of penetrative comment. The artist, the art student, and the general public may one and all find themselves enriched by the discovery of principles in art criticism that are not the mere whim of the critic.

The value of such principles is that they illumine the whole field of art. Of Claude Lorrain he says, "The dilemma of every artistic life is to strike the just balance between reflection and execution," and finds that Lorrain puts composition, mass and meaning first, and lags a little in the niceties of execution. That is his choice of the dilemma, and so choosing he is beyond compare greater than the futile ones who aspire to mere cleverness of detail. Sorolla chose the other horn of the dilemma. Sorolla, the much praised, is here found to be amazing in his execution of the obvious, but lacking in all fine reflective quality. Without thought or reflection he illustrates forcibly the shortcomings of his kind of impressionism. He dazzles but cannot hold the observer. Mr. Mather admits his cleverness and deplores his commonness. The enthusiasm of eight well-known critics and thousands of visiting New Yorkers at the opening of the Hispanic Museum does not affect his opinion. He judges Sorolla outside of art in the sense that a certain kind of facile writing is outside of literature; a similar sort of elocution outside of oratory. Fromentin was probably thinking along somewhat the same lines when he said that the best sketches in the world are not worth a good picture.

The criticisms include many valuable sayings by the way, woven in as a part of the estimate of the particular artist he is considering. Here is one of the best: "It is perhaps the supreme value of Greek art to have proved how the vision of the artist and that of the common man need vary but by hairs' breadths, and yet give sufficient play for genius." This is a telling note on the normal, sane simplicity of the best art. "The greatest geniuses," he says again, "manage to find their symbols near the average experience—they dare to be ordinary."

Along with his vivid understanding of the elements of greatest art, Mr. Mather has a keen instinct for the qualities of the other type of artists—the temperamental ones who distrust the normal world and reconstruct it to suit their dreams and fancies. His estimates of Greco's fantastic, ecstatic art and Goya's uneven emotional work are delightfully clear and original. In fact, though not, of course, so far-reaching in its application, his criticism of these artists has the same enlightening effect we find in Berensen's well-known explanations of tactile values and space composition.

In the consideration of Goya, the turbulent and contradictory, he asks and answers the plain question, Where lies the value of Goya's work? And this particular question prompts the wider one, Where lies the value of art in general? Briefly, the answer given is that it lies in the expansive impulse and the restrictive discipline, which are necessary elements of the creative act, and of its appreciation as well. Again, it is only the greatest, like Titian and Rubens, who arrive at the serene balance of the two elements. More frequently—as in the case of Goya, most Byronic and impulsive of painters—artists swing towards one or the other extreme. Such questions as these, with expanded and clarified answers, heighten the reader's interest by stimulating him to think and judge.

As for the taciturn, aristocratic Greco, Mr. Mather does not exalt his art into a cult, as has been the fashion of late in many quarters; nor, on the other hand, does he think his painting the product of a diseased imagination, as was the opinion a generation ago. He notes the artist's imaginative mannerisms; his wilful distortion of the human figure; his theatrical play of light and shade; and his rich passages of strange color. Skilfully he establishes his theory that Greco's fame is due to the element of fantastic excess, which is the very essence of his art. And therefore he reckons this painter an unbalanced genius, not of the noblest type, because he lacks the passionate serenity which ever characterizes the greatest artists. But with his restrictions he pays generous tribute to Greco's peculiar and individual treatment of light, and in doing this he makes one of his contributions to the general understanding of art well worth noticing. "At bottom," he says, "what most great technicians have created is a fashion of lighting. The sulphurous reek of Tintoretto, the serene blue of Veronese, the amber obscurity of Rembrandt, the flushed mother-of-pearl of Tiepolo, the steely irradiation of Velasquez—these are what painters chiefly prize. The effects of an artist are determined by his conception of light."

This is vivid phrasing and it is supplemented on various occasions by other remarks which show the keenest appreciation of the character of the light created by the masters. Naturally, Rembrandt is dwelt upon in this connection. Once he is spoken of as dealing with light and shade that never were except in his imagination, and in another place reference is made to his golden darkness visible, peopled with types of human tenderness and pathos. The sure, delicate modulations of Vermeer's diffused lighting are noted with sensitive pleasure, and the writer does not conceal his shrinking from Sorolla's hot and blinding sunlight.

For Carrière and his soft enveloping twilight haze, with human forms projected from its misty depths, he weaves a philosophy which harks back to the shaping and the unshaping of universes. Carrière is complex in that he is a philosopher even more than a painter. To reconstitute this deeply rooted yet intimate personality Mr. Mather quotes Pater's musings upon the notion of physical continuity after death, and Lafcadio Hearn's speculations upon the responses of the innumerable dead to exterior influence. And besides these, he gives his own reflections upon the persistence of life through love in motherhood. We do not deny that all are interesting, but after all is said we are more remote from Carrière's art than we generally find ourselves when this critic undertakes to put us in touch with an artist. It seems less complicated and more to the purpose to reflect upon what he rather scornfully calls the drawing-master phase of his comment on Carrière. That is interesting, too, and through it one can be in harmony directly with the strong, plastic (albeit mysterious) beings evoked by the artist's brush. But granting that Carrière is a mystic and a symbolist, still Mr. Mather surveys the symbolism of George Frederick Watts more sympathetically. He gives a clear, discriminating appreciation of the slow-working, slow-thinking Englishman, "hidden in the light of thought," working out unbidden his great series of portraits and his haunting symbolic paintings. We cannot but think that Watts himself would take satisfaction in the discernment of this sentence: "Perhaps his chief significance is to have linked a peculiarly modern way of thinking with the noblest traditional forms of painting and sculpture."

As a critical explorer Mr. Mather seeks to penetrate the meaning and appraise the value of Oriental art. He finds it near enough European art for sympathetic enjoyment, in spite of deep unlikeness of racial temperament and æsthetic aim. It is esoteric, aristocratic, and charming with delicate subtleties which Western art has never compassed—even Whistler is too explicit—and he breathes a prayer that it may remain uncontaminated by Parisian influence. Yet withal he finds "European art as a whole more widely representative of the civilizations that have produced it and

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therefore more humanly significant than the rarefied, exquisite art of the Far East."

In this concluding comment we touch the thought that runs as a strong undercurrent through all the estimates and gives them serious purpose. Art is not a mere accomplishment or adornment. Quite as much as literature, it is the true and important expression of complex life, and for that reason is valuable in its technical beauty, its thought, and its truth to the times that have produced it. Perhaps, however, the greatest value of this book is that it rouses even sluggish souls to keener and finer appreciation. Let us hope other volumes of like character may follow it, and that they may contain the impartially interested and tolerant articles Mr. Mather has recently published upon so-called modernism.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Blythe, S. G. A Western Warwick. Doran. $1.35 net.
Buckrose, H. E. The Round-About. Doran. $1.25 net.
Lewis, M. Chapel. Doran. $1.35 net.
Nicholson, M. The Proof of the Pudding. Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Boyd, C. E. Public Libraries and Literary Culture in Ancient Rome. Chicago, Ill.: The University of Chicago Press.
Bradbury, H. B. Civilization and Womanhood. Boston: Badger. $1 net.
Gardner, C. Vision and Vesture. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Home University Library: Poland. Political Thought in England. Dante. Holt. 50 cents net each.
James, W. A Woman in the Wilderness. Doran. $2 net.
Knox, H. Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker. An Appreciation. Revell. $1 net.
Shaksperian Studies. Edited by Matthews, B., and Thorndike, A. H. Columbia University Press.
Snider, D. J. The Shakespeariad. St. Louis, Mo.: Sigma Pub. Co.
Summerbell, M. Manhood in Its American Type. Boston: Badger. $1 net.
Woodbridge, W. W. That Something. Cincinnati, Ohio: Stewart & Kidd Co. 50 cents net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Brown, C. R. The Healing Power of Suggestion. Crowell. 25 cents net.
Cornatio, L. Discourses on the Sober Life. Crowell. 25 cents net.
MacLelland, B. Into the Light. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Alexander, D. S. History and Procedure of the House of Representatives. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
Mote, C. H. Industrial Arbitration. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.50 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Carrillo, G. Among the Ruins. Doran. $1.50 net.
Ditchfield, P. H. The Cathedrals of Great Britain. Dutton. $1.75 net.
Evans, L. B. Samuel McCall. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Ford, H. J. Woodrow Wilson. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Harding, G. L. Present-Day China. Century. $1 net.
Kalaw, M. M. The Case for the Filipinos. Century. $1.50 net.
Rose, J. H. Nationality in Modern History. Macmillan. $1.25.
The Autobiography and Letters of Matthew Vassar. Edited by E. H. Haight. Oxford University Press.
The Critical Period. 1763-1765. Edited by C. W. Alvord and C. E. Carter. British series No. I. Springfield, Ill.: Illinois State Historical Library.
The New Régime. 1765-1767. Edited by C. W. Alvord and C. E. Carter. British series No. II. Springfield, Ill.: Illinois State Historical Library.

POETRY.

Fletcher, J. G. Goblins and Pagodas. Houghton Mifflin.
Frankau, G. A Song of the Guns. Houghton Mifflin.
Norton, G. F. Roads. Houghton Mifflin.
Recent Poetry. 1908-1915. Springfield, Mass.: The City Library Association.
Some Imagist Poets 1916. (New Poetry series.) Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.
Woodward, N. E. Poems. Boston: Badger. $1 net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Matthews, B. Chief European Dramatists. Houghton Mifflin. $2.75 net.

ART.

Coomaraswamy, A. Rajput Painting. Vols. I and II. Oxford University Press. $34.

TEXTBOOKS.

Andress, J. M. Johann Gottfried Herder as an Educator. New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.
Rettger, L. J. Elements of Physiology and Sanitation. A. S. Barnes Co.
Brown, H. W. A Living from Eggs and Poultry. O. Judd Co. 75 cents.
Elhuff, L. General Science. First course. Heath.
Faris, J. T. Real Stories from Our History. Boston: Ginn. 60 cents.
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Krebs, H. C. Reaching the Children. A. S. Barnes Co. 54 cents.
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